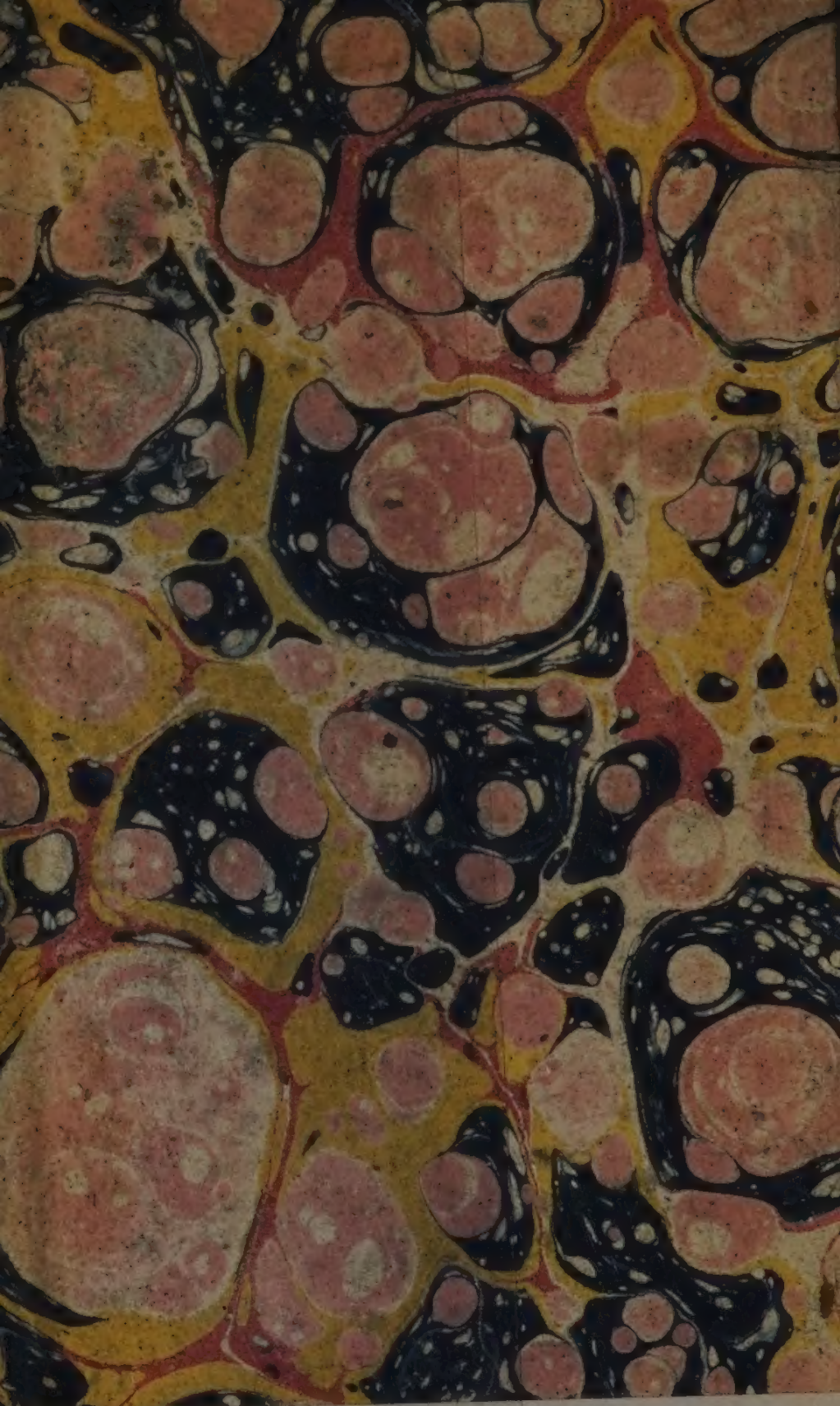

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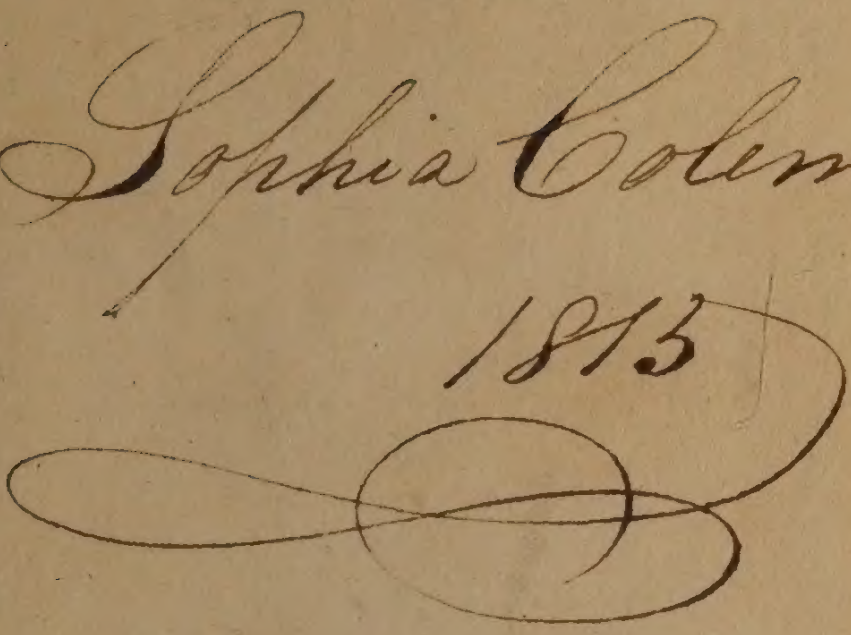
Sophia Coleman
1813

Painted by R. Cooke. Engraved by R. Rhodes

Edwin of melody aye held in thrall,
From the rude gambol far remote reclin'd.

Minstrel page 15.

Published by Suttaby & C.° 27.th March 1815.

The Wreath,

Containing

the MINSTREL and

other Favorite

Poems.

Hail, queen of thought sublime propitious power,
Who o'er the unbounded waste art joy'd to roam
Led by the moon.

Ode to Melancholy.

LONDON

Published by Suttaby, Evance & Fox, Stationers Court,
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1815.

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SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF

J. BEATTIE, LL.D.

For Edwin Fate a nobler doom had plann'd;
Song was his favorite and first pursuit. *Minstrel.*

IT has been frequently observed, that the lives of literary men are animated by few incidents, and therefore seldom afford any great scope for biographical remark; extraordinary adventure and variety of action is not to be expected in the closet, or in the privacy of study: a simple narrative therefore of their writings and opinions is all that we can hope to find in their history.

James Beattie was a native of Scotland, born on the 5th of November, 1735. The parish of Lawrencekirk, in the county of Kincardine, has the honor of enrolling his name among those of several other literary characters, which that remote part of the island has produced. The subject of this memoir was deprived of his father at a very tender age; he was then only seven years old. An event of this kind is always accompanied with serious consequences, and where the circumstances of the sufferer are not sufficiently destitute to excite the commiseration of the public, and are left to their own unassisted exertions, it is that such misfortunes are most severely felt: precisely in this situation was the family of Mrs. Beattie, whose hopes, and those of her helpless offspring, were now fixed upon her eldest son David, who at that time had just seen his eighteenth year. In him they were not disappointed: actuated by those motives which confer a lustre on poverty,

by his virtuous exertions, and indefatigable industry, he not only supported his mother in creditable affluence, but gave James a classical education at the parochial school of Lawrencekirk, at that time kept by the celebrated James Milne. Here it was that the natural genius of Dr. Beattie began to shine, and after various consultations it was at length determined that the University should give a last polish to what Milne had so successfully begun.

In the year 1749 the two brothers left Lawrencekirk on one horse, and directed their course to Aberdeen, a distance of thirty English miles, at a season not the most agreeable for the undertaking, and when good roads were unknown in the North. As Beattie's, or rather his brother's circumstances were not very affluent, he immediately became a candidate for, and obtained the office of Bursar, or Bursery, in the Marischal College; an idea of which is in some measure conveyed by the expression of *being put on the foundation* in our Universities; except, that in Scotland no opprobrious distinction or menial office is attached to it; on the contrary, it is a proof of superior merit, and becomes a premium of a victorious contest, the just reward bestowed on the victor after a competition in which classical excellence alone carries away the palm.

"Non sine pulvere palmæ."

After remaining the regular course of four years at college, Mr. Beattie took his degree of Master of Arts, and returned in April 1753 to Lawrencekirk, anxious for some employment that would increase his finances, without greatly interrupting the progress of his studies; fortunately about this period the neighbouring parish of Fordoun was deprived of its schoolmaster, and the very high character which Beattie bore as a scholar and a man of genius, easily procured him the humble appointment. Its emolu-

ments were small, and by no means suited the aspiring views of the young student; however, in his duty he was indefatigable, his habits of study were regular and constant, little time was spent in idleness, because he was ambitious to acquit himself with credit, and benefit his scholars as far as was in his power. In this situation Mr. Beattie continued for the space of five years, admired by all who knew him for his learning, his amiable manners, and gentleness of character. At length the magistrates of Aberdeen voluntarily presented him with a vacant ushership in the grammar school of that town, with a promise of succession when the head master, who had already been upwards of half a century in that situation, should think proper to resign. An event however occurred that soon taught him higher hopes, and afforded him superior expectations; having long cultivated a taste for poetry, he applied himself about this period with unremitting assiduity to give a polish to his verses that should entitle them to meet the eye of criticism. Mr. Beattie in this respect soon realised the most sanguine wishes of his friends. The publication however of his poems was delayed for the present, in consequence of a presentation to the vacant Professorship of Moral Philosophy and Logic, in the Marischal College: this he obtained through the interest of the Earl of Erroll, and the late Duke of Argyle, who at that time had the nomination to almost every office in Scotland under patronage of the crown.

In 1761 appeared a small volume of *Juvenile Poems and Translations, by James Beattie, M. A.* several of which had been long known to the public, under different signatures, in a periodical publication called the Scotts Magazine; and in the following year, his *Essay on Poetry and Music*; which was delivered before the Literary Society of Aberdeen. This essay is admirably calculated to initiate youth into the general principles of criti-

cism, and is undoubtedly one of the best treatises of the kind in the English language; the remarks on Music are exceedingly ingenious and interesting, and discover a thorough acquaintance both with the theory and practice of that art.

After being thirty years a bachelor, and six a professor, Mr. Beattie, in the year 1766, married Miss Mary Dun, a beautiful and accomplished woman, daughter of Dr. James Dun, nearly seventy years master of the grammar school at Aberdeen; by her he had several children, all of whom their father unfortunately survived. About this time Mr. Beattie planned, and soon after published, his celebrated answer to David Hume, entitled, *An Essay on the Immutability of Truth*; this is one of the most elegant, argumentative, and philosophical essays that ever appeared in any language. That immense fabric of sophistry and scepticism, reared by Berkeley and Hume, but of which Descartes and Locke had laid the foundation, now rose in all its splendor, and threatened to overwhelm that religion, which has been established on a basis of four thousand years' experience: doubt was to be introduced into every branch of physics, metaphysics, history, ethics, and theology. It required the pen of a Beattie, and the eloquence of Truth, to refute so attractive an error; his deep mind and extensive erudition saw at once what dreadful consequences followed *the doctrine of Ideas*, and its baneful tendency on every class of the community; his indignation was roused, and his sympathy excited for those, who, robbed of their religious hopes, are left abandoned to the wretchedness of unbelief! "Let them know," says this eloquent writer, "that in the solitary scenes of life there is many an honest and tender heart pining with incurable anguish, pierced with the sharpest sting of disappointment, bereft of friends, chilled with poverty, racked with disease, scourged by the oppressor, whom nothing but trust in Providence

and the hope of a future retribution, could preserve from the agonies of despair. And do *they* with sacrilegious hands attempt to violate this last refuge of the miserable, and to rob them of the only comfort that had survived the ravages of misfortune, malice, and tyranny! Did it ever happen that the influence of these tenets disturbed the tranquillity of virtuous retirement, deepened the gloom of human distress, or aggravated the horrors of the grave? Ye traitors to human kind, ye murderers of the human soul, how can ye answer for it to your own hearts? Surely every spark of your generosity is extinguished for ever, if *this* consideration do not awaken in you the keenest remorse."—Again the following pointed lines in the Minstrel:

O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due!
Blest be the day I 'scaped the *wrangling* crew,
From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty;
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to the enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

Hence! ye, who snare and stupify the mind,
Sophists! of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane!
Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,
And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain!
Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slime
First gave you form! hence, lest the Muse should deign
(Though loth on theme so mean to waste a rhyme,)
With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

In England the Essay on Truth was admired for the perspicuity of its arrangement, the elegance of its language, and the usefulness of its tendency: the clergy in particular, considered it as the most masterly refutation of error that had ever been written; and the University of Oxford, in 1773, presented him with the honorable distinction of D.C.L. Doctor of Civil Law.

Dr. Beattie now resumed with new vigor his favorite pursuit of cultivating the Muses, (which

had in some measure been prevented by his professional duties,) and gave to the world his beautiful poem of the *Minstrel, or Progress of Genius.* The object of these lines will be best gathered from his own preface. "The design was," says he, "to trace the progress of a poetical genius born in a rude age, from the first dawning of fancy and reason, till that period at which he may be supposed capable of appearing in the world as a Minstrel, that is, an itinerant poet and musician; a character which, according to the notions of our forefathers, was not only respectable, but sacred." Few poems have been so generally read and so justly admired as the Minstrel, for no person endowed with even common taste or sensibility can peruse it with indifference; and it has enrolled the name of Beattie in the list of our most distinguished Poets. The powers of imagination that he has displayed are astonishing;—the harmony, simplicity, and variety of the composition, will bear to be compared with the greatest masters of English versification. "The measure in which it is written," observes Dr. Beattie, "from its Gothic structure and original, seems to bear some relation to the subject and spirit of the Poem, and admits both simplicity and magnificence of sound and of language beyond any other stanza that I am acquainted with." It is impossible for any thing to exceed the introductory lines, every point that imagination can conceive, constituting excellence in poetical composition, is there displayed in its fullest extent.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Hath felt the influence of malignant star,
And wag'd with Fortune an eternal war;
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote hath pin'd alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown.

Early in the year 1773, Dr. Beattie, for the second time in his life, proposed visiting London. His fame as the author of the Minstrel, and Essay on Truth, easily procured him letters of introduction to the most celebrated literary characters in the metropolis, among whom were the Earl of Mansfield, Lord Littleton, Drs. Johnson, Hurd, Porteus, Mr. Burke, and Mrs. Montague. From each, and particularly the latter, Mr. Beattie received the greatest civility. On the 30th of June, he had the honor of being presented to the King by Lord Dartmouth, and although the levee was particularly crowded, a conversation of some length ensued, the substance of which consisted chiefly in high commendations and compliments, strongly and elegantly expressed by his Majesty on his writings, particularly the Essay on Truth. Such unexpected panegyric could not fail to make a lasting impression on his mind. Dr. Beattie had also the honor of a private audience at Kew, and uniformly expressed his admiration of the general knowledge which both the King and Queen discovered upon every topic which happened to become the subject of conversation.

By the recommendation of Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, a gratuity of two hundred pounds per annum from the privy purse was settled upon him, with the compliment that he should lie on the watch, and confute every sceptical and profane opinion that should, after all he had written, dare to start up in the world. On his return to Aberdeen, Dr. Beattie was engaged in preparing for the press *An Essay on Memory and Imagination*, which had been delivered as lectures to the students under his care. This contains a vast variety of facts, collected with the greatest care; and his reasoning upon these facts, is in general unexceptionable; few essays of the same bulk contain so much good sense, or a greater fund of practical

remark, suited to a variety of situations, but most peculiarly adapted for youth.

From the year 1777 to 1783, nothing remarkable occurred in the history of Dr. Beattie. His fame was firmly established, and if possible, was much higher in England than in his native country. At this latter period he published his *Dissertations on the Theory of Language*, one of the longest, most important, and original of his detached essays. If the works of Harris and Monboddo are too abstract for young students, and are rather calculated for those who have acquired some knowledge of the subject, those of Dr. Beattie are simple and comprehensive, illustrated chiefly by those familiar topics which are best accommodated to the capacity of his readers. At the request of his friend Dr. Porteus, then Bishop of Chester, and now Bishop of London, he in the following year published his treatise on the *Evidence of Christianity*, designed with a view of fixing the attention, without fatiguing the minds of our youth, and to establish their religious principles on their first entrance into the world: in this he has completely succeeded, and perhaps no tract, if we except the Bishop's own on the same subject, ever had a greater share of popularity.

The life of Dr. Beattie had hitherto been one continued series of labor and instruction, and what with cultivating the Belles-Lettres, attending to the improvement of his class in moral Philosophy, composing, preparing for, and correcting the press, but little of his time can have been devoted to the pleasures of society. He was, however, always cheerful, and readily unbent his mind in the company of his friends; when on the 19th of November, 1790, the death of his eldest son, James Hay Beattie, cast a gloom around him, and notwithstanding his singular piety, seemed to annihilate every faculty of his soul. For several years this interesting young man was at once the companion

and the friend of his father; extraordinary pains had been taken by him in his education, while his progress in classical knowledge, and his proficiency in every other department of literature, proved how well it had been bestowed. Displaying on one hand such a virtuous disposition as the fondest father might have been proud to behold; and on the other, a developement of genius and talent, which afforded an early promise of future excellence. So high indeed was the opinion entertained of his natural powers and literary acquirements, that the University of Aberdeen recommended him to his Majesty, as a proper person to be appointed assistant Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic to his father, which was accordingly done, when he was not quite nineteen. Dr. Beattie wrote a very affecting account of his son. No one who has any taste for good writing, simplicity of language, and narrative composed of a selection of the most interesting incidents, will, I am persuaded, be satisfied with perusing it only once. The Professor never completely recovered his death; and as if his sorrows had not already been sufficiently acute, he experienced in 1796 an additional weight of calamity, by the death of his younger son Montague Beattie, so named after our celebrated defender of Shakespeare, who had patronised the doctor at a very early period, and whose essay he has taken so many opportunities of commending. These, and other misfortunes, to use the language of the Poet, "harrowed up the soul" of Dr. Beattie; and his health, never at any time good, was thereby considerably impaired. The last time he ventured out, was in the month of June, 1800. He was then very corpulent, and discovered extreme debility. Premature old age, with all its infirmities, made rapid advances upon him, and for three years before his death he kept his house, and was for a great part of that time confined to his bed; however, his lat-

ter days were calm and resigned. He beheld the approach of death with fortitude, composure, and serenity; like one, who having acted his part well, when he arrived at the brink of life, could look back with pleasure, and forward without apprehension. After he had endured much bodily pain, and in a great measure had become insensible even to what he himself was suffering, Dr. Beattie died at Aberdeen, upon the 8th of August, 1803, at the age of sixty-eight years.

In person the Doctor was of the middle size, inclined to corpulency, and of a broad, square make, which seemed to indicate a more robust constitution than he really had; during the whole course of his life he was subject to violent attacks of the headach, which not only interrupted his studies, but prevented him from enjoying the society of his dearest friends. His features were regular, and his complexion dark, it was in his eye that the vivacity of the poet seemed to beam, and that at all times irradiated his countenance.

As a man of general literature, and especially as a Poet, Dr. Beattie must be allowed to have attained great excellence; his taste was chaste, his versification elegant, and in his choice of language and imagery, he will not be found inferior to the greatest of his contemporaries. Had he continued to cultivate the Muses, his classical talents, and harmonious numbers, would have ensured him still greater fame; but there is reason to suppose he neglected the mountain of "Olympus" for the hill of "Zion," and latterly had been more anxious to obtain the reputation of a *Christian Hero*, than that of the greatest of Modern Bards.

London,
Oct. 1, 1805. G. D.

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THE WREATH.

THE MINSTREL:

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS.

BOOK I.

AH! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Hath felt the influence of malignant star,
And wag'd with Fortune an eternal war;
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote hath pin'd alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown.

And yet, the languor of inglorious days
Not equally oppressive is to all.
Him, who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear the obstreperous trump of Fame;
Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
Health, cõmpetence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had *He*, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

The rolls of fame, I will not now explore;
Nor need I here describe in learned lay,
How forth *The Minstrel* far'd in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array;
His waving locks and beard all hoary grey:
And from his bending shoulder decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wind responsive rung:
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor villager inspires my strain;
With thee let Pageantry and Power abide:
The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign;
Where thro' wild groves at eve the lonely swain
Enraptur'd roams, to gaze on Nature's charms.
They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain,
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on russet pinions float:
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the grey linnets carol from the hill.
O let them ne'er, with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where they will.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand;
Nor was perfection made for man below.
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.
With gold and gems if Chilian mountain glow,
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise;
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes

Then grieve not, thou, to whom the indulgent Muse
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire;
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
The imperial banquet and the rich attire.
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refin'd?
No; let thy heaven-taught soul to heaven aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony, resign;
Ambition's groveling crew for ever left behind.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
On the dull couch of luxury to loll,
Stung with disease and stupified with spleen;
Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,
Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide,
(The mansion then no more of joy serene,)
Where fear, distrust, malevolence, abide,
And impotent desire, and disappointed pride?

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields;
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal health,
And love, and gentleness, and joy, impart.
But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth
E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart;
For, ah! it poisons like a scorpion's dart;
Prompting th' ungenerous wish, the selfish scheme,
The stern resolve, unmov'd by pity's smart,
The troublous day, and long distressful dream.—
Return, my roving Muse, resume thy purpos'd theme.

There liv'd in Gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree;
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady;
But he, I ween, was of the north countrie:*
A nation fam'd for song, and beauty's charms;
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock;
The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never sway'd;
An honest heart was almost all his stock;
His drink the living water from the rock:
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock;
And he, tho' oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er they went.

From labour health, from health contentment springs,
Contentment opes the source of every joy.
He envied not, he never thought of kings:
Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,
Which chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy;
Nor fate his calm and humble hopes beguil'd;
He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,
For on his vows the blameless Phœbe smil'd,
And her alone he lov'd, and lov'd her from a child.

* There is hardly an ancient Ballad or Romance, wherein a Minstrel or Harper appears, but he is characterized, by way of eminence, to have been "*of the North Countrie.*" It is probable, that under this appellation were formerly comprehended all the provinces to the north of the Trent. *See Percy's Essay on the English Minstrels.*

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife;
Each season look'd delightful, as it past,
To the fond husband, and the faithful wife.
Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life
They never roam'd; secure beneath the storm
Which in ambition's lofty land is rife,
Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

The wight, whose tale these artless lines unfold,
Was all the offspring of this humble pair.
His birth no oracle or seer foretold:
No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,
Nor aught that might a strange event declare.
You guess each circumstance of Edwin's birth;
The parent's transport, and the parent's care;
The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and worth;
And one long summer-day of indolence and mirth.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy;
Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye.
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy.
Silent when glad; affectionate though shy;
And now his look was most demurely sad,
And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.
The neighbours star'd and sigh'd, yet bless'd the lad;
Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believ'd him mad.

But why should I his childish feats display?
Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled;
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps, but to the forest sped,
Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head;
Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
Shot from the western cliff, releas'd the weary team.

The exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.
His heart, from cruel sport estrang'd, would bleed
To work the woe of any living thing,
By trap, or net; by arrow, or by sling;
These he detested, those he scorn'd to wield:
He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field.
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And sees, on high, amidst the encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine:
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's charms to prize.

And oft he trac'd the uplands to survey,
When o'er the sky advanc'd the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
And lake, dim gleaming, on the smoky lawn;
Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil.— [smile.
But, lo! the sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean

And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
And view th' enormous waste of vapor, toss'd
In billows, lengthening to the horizon round,
Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound.

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene.
In darkness, and in storm, he found delight:
Nor less, than when on ocean wave serene
The southern sun diffus'd his dazzling shene.
Even sad vicissitude amus'd his soul:
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

"O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom!"
(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought)
"Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,
"Of late so grateful in the hour of drought!
"Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
"To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?
"Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?
"For now the storm howls mournful thro' the brake,
"And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

"Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
"And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty crown'd!
"Ah! see the unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
"Have all the solitary vale imbrown'd;
"Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound;
"The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray:
"And, hark! the river, bursting every mound,
"Down the vale thunders, and with wasteful sway
"Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter'd rocks away

"Yet such the destiny of all on earth:
"So flourishes and fades majestic Man.
"Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
"And fostering gales awhile the nursling fan.
"O smile, ye heavens, serene! ye mildews wan,
"Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime
"Nor lessen of his life the little span.
"Borne on the swift, tho' silent, wings of Time,
"Old-age come on apace to ravage all the clime.

"And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
"Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn.
"But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
"Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
"Shall spring to these sad scenes no more return?
"Is yonder wave the sun's eternal bed?—
"Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
"And spring shall soon her vital influence shed;
"Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

"Shall I be left abandon'd in the dust,
"When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
"Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
"Bid him, tho' doom'd to perish, hope to live?
"Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
"With disappointment, penury, and pain?—
"No; Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive;
"And man's majestic beauty bloom again, [reign."
"Bright thro' the eternal year of Love's triumphant

This truth sublime his simple sire had taught,
In sooth, 'twas almost all the shepherd knew,
No subtle nor superfluous lore he sought,
Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue. [view,
"Let man's own sphere," quoth he, "confine his
"Be man's peculiar work his sole delight."
And much, and oft, he warn'd him to eschew
Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the right,
By pleasure unseduced, unawed by lawless might.

"And, from the prayer of Want, and plaint of Woe,
"O never, never turn away thine ear,
"Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
"Ah! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear!
"To others do (the law is not severe)
"What to thyself thou wishest to be done.
"Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,
"And friends and native land; nor those alone;
"All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine own."

See in the rear of the warm sunny shower,
The visionary boy for shelter fly!
For now the storm of summer-rain is o'er,
And cool, and fresh, and fragrant, is the sky!
And, lo! in the dark east, expanded high,
The rainbow brightens to the setting sun;
Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory nigh
How vain the chase thine ardor has begun!
Tis fled afar, ere half thy purpos'd race be run.

Yet couldst thou learn, that thus it fares with age,
When pleasure, wealth, or power, the bosom warm,
This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's rage,
And disappointment of her sting disarm.—
But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm?
Perish the lore that deadens young desire!
Pursue, poor imp, the imaginary charm,
Indulge gay Hope, and Fancy's pleasing fire:
Fancy and Hope too soon shall of themselves expire.

When the long-sounding curfew from afar
Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
Lingering and listening, wandered down the vale.
There would he dream of graves, and corses pale;
And ghosts, that to the charnel-dungeon throng,
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
Till silenc'd by the owl's terrific song, [along.
Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering isles

Or, when the setting moon, in crimson died,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
To haunted stream, remote from man he hied,
Where Fays of yore their revels wont to keep;
And there let Fancy roam at large, till sleep
A vision brought to his entranced sight.
And first, a wildly-murmuring wind 'gan creep,
Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers bright,
With instantaneous gleam, illum'd the vault of Night.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch
Arose; the trumpet bids the valves unfold,
And forth an host of little warriors march,
Grasping the diamond lance, and targe of gold.
Their look was gentle, their demeanor bold,
And green their helms and green their silk attire
And here and there, right venerably old,
The long-rob'd minstrels wake the warbling wire,
And some with mellow breath the martial pipe inspire.

With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance;
The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.
They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance;
To right, to left, they thrid the flying maze;
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then glance
Rapid along: with many-colour'd rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests blaze.

The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,
Who scar'dst the vision with thy clarion shrill,
Fell chanticleer! who oft has 'reft away
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill!
O to thy cursed scream, discordant still,
Let Harmony aye shut her gentle ear:
Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear.

Forbear, my Muse. Let love attune thy line.
Revoke the spell. Thine Edwin frets not so.
For how should he at wicked chance repine,
Who feels from every change amusement flow?
Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are borne.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
Thy pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milk-maid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings;
Thro' rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aërial tour.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due!
Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty;
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to th' enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody!

Hence! ye, who snare and stupify the mind,
Sophists! of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane!
Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,
And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain!
Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slime
First gave you form! hence! lest the Muse should deign
(Tho' loth on theme so mean to waste a rhyme,)
With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amus'd my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
O let your spirit still my bosom soothe,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide!
Your voice each rugged path of life can smoothe;
For well I know, wherever ye reside,
There harmony, and peace, and innocence, abide.

Ah me! abandon'd on the lonesome plain,
As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,
Save when against the winter's drenching rain,
And driving snow, the cottage shut the door.
Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,
Her legends when the Beldam 'gan impart,
Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,
Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart;
Much he the tale admir'd, but more the tuneful art.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale;
And halls, and knights, and feats of arms, display'd;
Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And sing, enamour'd, of the nut-brown maid;
The moon-light revel of the fairy glade;
Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,
And ply in caves the unutterable trade,*
Midst fiends and spectres, quench the moon in blood,
Yell in the midnight storm, or ride the infuriate flood.

But when to horror his amazement rose,
A gentler strain the Beldam would rehearse,
A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
The orphan babes, and guardian uncle fierce.

* *Macbeth.* How now, ye secret, black, and midnight hags,
What is't you do?
Witches. A deed without a name.

O cruel! will no pang of pity pierce
That heart by lust of lucre sear'd to stone!
For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
To latest times shall tender souls bemoan
Those helpless orphan-babes by thy fell arts undone.

Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles torn,*
The babes now famish'd lay them down to die,
'Midst the wild howl of darksome woods forlorn,
Folded in one another's arms they lie;
Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry;
"For from the town the man returns no more."
But thou, who Heaven's just vengeance dar'st defy,
This deed with fruitless tears shall soon deplore,
When Death lays waste thy house, and flames consume thy store.

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy
Brighten'd one moment Edwin's starting tear.—
"But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy,
"And innocence thus die by doom severe?"
O Edwin! while thy heart is yet sincere,
Th' assaults of discontent and doubt repel:
Dark even at noontide is our mortal sphere;
But let us hope—to doubt, is to rebel,—
Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well.

Nor be thy generous indignation check'd,
Nor check'd the tender tear to Misery given;
From Guilt's contagious power shall that protect,
This soften and refine the soul for Heaven.
But dreadful is their doom, whom doubt has driven
To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego:
Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all that pass, a monument of woe.

* See the fine old ballad, called, *The Children in the Wood.*

Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age,
Scarce fill the circle of one summer-day,
Shall the poor gnat with discontent and rage
Exclaim, that Nature hastens to decay,
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
If but a momentary shower descend!
Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree gainsay,
Which bade the series of events extend
Wide thro' unnumber'd worlds, and ages without end!

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Thro' the dark medium of life's feverish dream,
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem.
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem;
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies:
For thou art but of dust; be humble, and be wise.

Thus Heaven enlarg'd his soul in riper years;
Nor Nature gave him strength and fire, to soar
On Fancy's wing above this vale of tears;
Where dark cold-hearted sceptics, creeping, pore
Through microscope of metaphysic lore;
And much they grope for truth, but never hit.
For why? their powers, inadequate before,
This art preposterous renders more unfit; [wit.
Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain blunders

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth,
Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device
Oft cheer'd the shepherds round their social hearth;
Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice
To purchase chat or laughter, at the price
Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,
That Nature forms a rustic taste so nice.
Ah! had they been of court or city breed,
Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

Oft when the winter-storm had ceased to rave,
He roam'd the snowy waste at even, to view
The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave
High-towering, sail along th' horizon blue:
Where 'midst the changeful scenery ever new
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms descries
More wildly great than ever pencil drew,
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant-size,
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
Listening with pleasing dread to the deep roar
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array
When sulph'rous clouds roll'd on the vernal day,
Even then he hasten'd from the haunt of man,
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
What time the lightning's fierce career began, [ran.
And o'er Heaven's rending arch the rattling thunder

Responsive to the sprightly pipe when all
In sprightly dance the village youth were join'd,
Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
From the rude gambol far remote reclin'd,
Sooth'd with the soft notes warbling in the wind.
Ah then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly.
To the pure soul by Fancy's fire refin'd,
Ah what is mirth but turbulence unholy, [choly!
When with the charm compar'd of heavenly melan-

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn!
Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born?
He needs not woo the Muse; he is her scorn.
The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine;
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page; or mourn,
And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine; [swine.
Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton

For Edwin Fate a nobler doom had plann'd;
Song was his favorite and first pursuit.
The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
And languish'd to his breast the plaintive flute.
His infant muse, though artless was not mute:
Of elegance as yet he took no care;
For this of time and culture is the fruit;
And Edwin gain'd at last this fruit so rare:
As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful, or new,
Sublime or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky;
By chance, or search, was offer'd to his view,
He scann'd with curious and romantic eye.
Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
Rous'd him, still keen to listen and to pry.
At last, though long by penury control'd,
And solitude, his soul her graces 'gan unfold.

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
For many a long month lost in snow profound,
When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,
And in their northern cave the storms are bound;
From silent mountains, straight, with startling sound,
Torrents are hurl'd; green hills emerge; and lo,
The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are crown'd;
Pure rills thro' vales of verdure warbling go;
And wonder, love, and joy, the peasant's heart o'erflow.*

Here pause, my Gothic lyre, a little while.
The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim.
But if ***** on this labor smile,
New strains ere long shall animate thy frame,

* Spring and Autumn are hardly known to the Laplanders. About the time the sun enters Cancer, their fields, which a week before were covered with snow, appear on a sudden full of grass and flowers. *Scheffer's History of Lapland*, p. 16.

And his applause to me is more than fame;
For still with truth accords his taste refin'd.
At lucre or renown let others aim,
I only wish to please the gentle mind,
Whom Nature's charms inspire, and love of humankind.

BOOK II.

OF chance or change O let not man complain,
Else shall he never, never cease to wail:
For, from the imperial dome, to where the swain
Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
All feel th' assault of fortune's fickle gale;
Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doom'd;
Earthquakes have rais'd to heaven the humble vale,
And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd,
And where the Atlantic rolls, wide continents have bloom'd.*

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,
Nor search the ancient records of our race,
To learn the dire effects of time and change,
Which in ourselves, alas! we daily trace.
Yet at the darken'd eye, the wither'd face,
Or hoary hair, I never will repine:
But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental grace,
Of candor, love, or sympathy divine,
Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame is mine.

* See Plato's Timeus.

So I, obsequious to Truth's dread command,
Shall here without reluctance change my lay,
And smite the Gothic lyre with harsher hand;
Now when I leave that flowery path for aye
Of childhood, where I sported many a day,
Warbling and sauntering carelessly along;
Where every face was innocent and gay,
Each vale romantic, tuneful every tongue,
Sweet, wild, and artless all, as Edwin's infant song.

"Perish the lore that deadens young desire,"
Is the soft tenor of my song no more.
Edwin, tho' lov'd of Heaven, must not aspire
To bliss which mortals never knew before.
On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar,
Nor always haunt the sunny realms of joy;
But now and then the shades of life explore,
Though many a sound and sight of woe annoy,
And many a qualm of care his rising hopes destroy.

Vigor from toil, from trouble patience grows.
The weakly blossom, warm in summer bower,
Some tints of transient beauty may disclose;
But, ah! it withers in the chilling hour.
Mark yonder oaks! superior to the power
Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise,
And from the stormy promontory tower,
And toss their giant arms amid the skies,
While each assailing blast increase of strength supplies.

And now the downy cheek and deepen'd voice
Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime;
And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
And vales more wild, and mountains more sublime.
One evening as he framed the careless rhyme,
It was his chance to wander far abroad,
And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
Which heretofore his foot had never trode;
A vale appear'd below, a deep retir'd abode.

Thither he hied, enamour'd of the scene;
For rocks on rocks pil'd, as by magic spell,
Here scorch'd with lightning, there with ivy green,
Fenc'd from the north and east this savage dell;
Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,
Whose long long groves eternal murmur made;
And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,
Where, thro' the cliffs, the eye, remote survey'd
Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold array'd.

Along this narrow valley you might see
The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,
And here and there, a solitary tree,
Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crown'd.
Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high;
And from the summit of that craggy mound
The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,
Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the sky.

One cultivated spot there was, that spread
Its flowery bosom to the noon-day beam,
Where many a rose-bud rears its blushing head,
And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
Sooth'd by the lulling sound of grove and stream,
Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's soul:
He minded not the sun's last trembling gleam,
Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll;—
When slowly on his ear these moving accents stole.

" Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
" And woo the weary to profound repose;
" Can Passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
" And whisper comfort to the man of woes!
" Here Innocence may wander, safe from foes,
" And Contemplation soar on seraph wings,
" O Solitude, the man who thee foregoes,
" When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
" Shall never know the source whence real grandeur springs.

" Vain man, is grandeur given to gay attire?
" Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid:
" To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire?
" It is thy weakness that requires their aid:
" To palaces, with gold and gems inlay'd?
" They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm:—
" To hosts thro' carnage who to conquest wade?
" Behold, the victor vanquish'd by the worm!
" Behold what deeds of woe the locust can perform!

" True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
" Virtue has rais'd above the things below,
" Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign'd,
" Shrinks not, tho' fortune aim her deadliest blow."
—This strain from midst the rocks was heard to flow
In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening star;
And from embattled clouds emerging slow,
Cynthia came riding on her silver car;
And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar.

Soon did the solemn voice its theme renew;
(While Edwin wrapt in wonder listening stood)
" Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu,
" Scorn'd by the wise, and hated by the good!
" Ye only can engage the servile brood
" Of Levity and Lust, who, all their days,
" Asham'd of truth and liberty, have woo'd,
" And hugg'd the chain, that glittering on their gaze
" Seems to outshine the pomp of heaven's empyreal blaze.

" Like them, abandon'd to Ambition's sway,
" I sought for glory in the paths of guile;
" And fawn'd and smil'd, to plunder and betray,
" Myself betray'd and plunder'd all the while;
" So gnaw'd the viper the corroding file.
" But now with pangs of keen remorse I rue,
" Those years of trouble and debasement vile.—
" Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue?
" Fly, fly, detested thoughts, for ever from my view.

" The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,
" And storms of disappointment all o'erpast; [share
" Henceforth no earthly hope with Heaven shall
" This heart, where peace serenely shines at last.
" And if for me no treasure be amass'd,
" And if no future age shall bear my name,
" I lurk the more secure from fortune's blast,
" And with more leisure feed this pious flame,
" Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hopes of fame.

" The end and the reward of toil is rest.
" Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.
" Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power possess'd,
" Who ever felt his weight of woe decrease!
" Ah! what avails the lore of Rome and Greece,
" The lay heaven-prompted, and harmonious string,
" The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
" All that art, fortune, enterprise, can bring,
" If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride the bosom wring!

" Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
" With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
" In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
" Where night and desolation ever frown.
" Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
" Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
" With here and there a violet bestrown,
" Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave;
" And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.

" And thither let the village swain repair;
" And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,
" To deck with flowers her half-dishevell'd hair,
" And celebrate the merry morn of May.
" There let the shepherd's pipe the live-long day
" Fill all the grove with love's bewitching woe;
" And when mild Evening comes with mantle grey,
" Let not the blooming band make haste to go,
" No ghost nor spell my long and last abode shall know.

" For though I fly to 'scape from fortune's rage,
" And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,
" Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
" Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn:
" For virtue lost, and ruin'd man, I mourn.
" O Man, creation's pride, heaven's darling child,
" Whom Nature's best, divinest gifts adorn,
" Why from thy home are truth and joy exil'd,
" And all thy favorite haunts with blood and tears defil'd!

" Along yon glittering sky what glory streams!
" What majesty attends night's lovely queen!
" Fair laugh our vallies in the vernal beams;
" And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,
" And all conspire to beautify the scene.
" But, in the mental world, what chaos drear!
" What forms of mournful, loathsome, furious mien!
" O when shall that Eternal Morn appear, [clear!
" These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos dark to

" O Thou, at whose creative smile, yon heaven,
" In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,
" Rose from the abyss; when dark Confusion, driven
" Down, down the bottomless profound of night,
" Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing sight!
" O glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,
" To blast the fury of oppressive might,
" Melt the hard heart to love and mercy's sway,
" And cheer the wandering soul, and light him on the way."

Silence ensued: and Edwin rais'd his eyes
In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart.
" And is it thus in courtly life," he cries,
" That man to man acts a betrayer's part!
" And dares he thus the gifts of Heaven pervert,
" Each social instinct, and sublime desire!—
" Hail Poverty! if honor, wealth, and art,
" If what the great pursue, and learn'd admire,
" Thus dissipate and quench the soul's ethereal fire!"

He said, and turn'd away; nor did the Sage
O'erhear, in silent orisons employ'd.
The Youth, his rising sorrow to assuage,
Home as he hied, the evening scene enjoy'd:
For now no cloud obscures the starry void;
The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills;
Nor is the mind with startling sounds annoy'd,
A soothing murmur the lone region fills
Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy rills.

But he from day to day more anxious grew,
The voice still seem'd to vibrate on his ear,
Nor durst he hope the Hermit's tale untrue;
For Man he seem'd to love, and Heaven to fear;
And none speaks false, where there is none to hear.
" Yet can man's gentle heart become so fell!
" No more in vain conjecture let me wear
" My hours away, but seek the Hermit's cell;
" 'Tis he my doubt can clear, perhaps my care dispel."

At early dawn the Youth his journey took,
And many a mountain pass'd, and valley wide,
Then reach'd the wild; where in a flowery nook,
And seated on a mossy stone, he spied
An ancient man: his harp lay him beside.
A stag sprang from the pasture at his call,
And, kneeling, lick'd the wither'd hand that tied
A wreath of woodbine round his antlers tall,
And hung his lofty neck with many a flow'ret small.

And now the hoary Sage arose, and saw
The wanderer approaching: innocence
Smil'd on his glowing cheek, but modest awe
Depress'd his eye, that fear'd to give offence.
" Who art thou, courteous stranger? and from whence?
" Why roam thy steps to this abandon'd dale?"
" A shepherd-boy," the Youth replied, " far hence
" My habitation: hear my artless tale;
" Nor levity nor falsehood shall thine ear assail.

" Late as I roam'd, intent on Nature's charms,
" I reach'd at eve this wilderness profound ;
" And, leaning where yon oak expands her arms,
" Heard these rude cliffs thine awful voice rebound,
" (For in thy speech I recognise the sound.)
" You mourn'd for ruin'd man, and virtue lost,
" And seem'd to feel of keen remorse the wound,
" Pondering on former days, by guilt engross'd,
" Or in the giddy storm of dissipation toss'd.

" But say, in courtly life can craft be learn'd,
" Where knowledge opens, and exalts the soul ?
" Where Fortune lavishes her gifts unearn'd,
" Can selfishness the liberal heart control ?
" Is glory there achiev'd by arts as foul
" As those which felons, fiends, and furies plan ?
" Spiders ensnare, snakes poison, tigers prowl ;
" Love is the godlike attribute of man.—
" O teach a simple Youth this mystery to scan.

" Or else the lamentable strain disclaim,
" And give me back the calm, contented mind ;
" Which, late exulting view'd in Nature's frame,
" Goodness untainted, wisdom unconfin'd,
" Grace, grandeur, and utility combin'd.
" Restore those tranquil days, that saw me still
" Well pleas'd with all, but most with human-kind ;
" When Fancy roam'd thro' Nature's works at will,
" Uncheck'd by cold distrust, and uninform'd of ill."

" Wouldst thou," the Sage replied, " in peace return,
" To the gay dreams of fond romantic youth,
" Leave me to hide, in this remote sojourn,
" From every gentle ear the dreadful truth :
" For if my desultory strain with ruth
" And indignation make thine eyes o'erflow,
" Alas! what comfort could thy anguish sooth,
" Should'st thou the extent of human folly know ?
" Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to woe.

" But let untender thoughts afar be driven;
" Nor venture to arraign the dread decree:
" For know, to man, as candidate for heaven,
" The voice of The Eternal said, Be free;
" And this divine prerogative to thee
" Does virtue, happiness, and heaven convey;
" For virtue is the child of liberty,
" And happiness of virtue; nor can they
" Be free to keep the path who are not free to stray.

" Yet leave me not. I would allay that grief,
" Which else might thy young virtue overpower;
" And in thy converse I shall find relief,
" When the dark shades of melancholy lower;
" For solitude has many a dreary hour,
" Even when exempt from grief, remorse, and pain:
" Come often then; for, haply, in my bower,
" Amusement, knowledge, wisdom thou may'st gain.
" If I one soul improve, I have not liv'd in vain."

And now, at length, to Edwin's ardent gaze
The Muse of history unrolls her page.
But few, alas! the scenes her art displays,
To charm his fancy, or his heart engage.
Here chiefs their thirst of power in blood assuage;
And straight their flames with tenfold fierceness burn!
Here smiling Virtue prompts the patriot's rage,
But, lo! ere long, is left alone to mourn,
And languish in the dust, and clasp the abandon'd urn.

" Ah! what avails," he said, " to trace the springs
" That whirl of empire the stupendous wheel!
" Ah! what have I to do with conquering kings, [steel!
" Hands drench'd in blood, and breasts begirt with
" To those, whom Nature taught to think and feel,
" Heroes, alas! are things of small concern.
" Could History man's secret heart reveal,
" And what imports a heaven-born mind to learn,
" Her transcripts to explore what bosom would not yearn!

" This praise, O Cheronean Sage,* is thine.
" (Why should this praise to thee alone belong?)
" All else from Nature's moral path decline,
" Lur'd by the toys that captivate the throng;
" To herd in cabinets and camps, among
" Spoil, carnage, and the cruel pomp of pride;
" Or chant of heraldry the drowsy song,
" How tyrant blood, o'er many a region wide,
" Rolls to a thousand thrones its execrable tide.

" O who of man the story will unfold,
" Ere victory and empire wrought annoy,
" In that Elysian age, (misnam'd of gold,)
" The age of love, and innocence, and joy,
" When all were great and free! man's sole employ
" To deck the bosom of his parent earth; [coy,
" Or toward his bower the murmuring stream de-
" To aid the floweret's long-expected birth, [mirth.
" And lull the bed of peace, and crown the board of

" Sweet were your shades, O ye primeval groves,
" Whose boughs to man his food and shelter lent,
" Pure in his pleasures, happy in his loves,
" His eye still smiling, and his heart content. [went.
" Then, hand in hand, Health, Sport, and Labor
" Nature supplied the wish she taught to crave.
" None prowl'd for prey, none watch'd to circumvent;
" To all an equal lot Heaven's bounty gave:
" No vassal fear'd his lord, no tyrant fear'd his slave.

" But, ah! the' Historic Muse has never dar'd [beam
" To pierce those hallow'd bowers: 'tis Fancy's
" Pour'd on the vision of th' enraptur'd Bard,
" That paints the charms of that delicious theme.
" Then hail, sweet Fancy's ray! and hail the dream
" That weans the weary soul from guilt and woe!
" Careless what others of my choice may deem,
" I long where Love and Fancy lead to go,
" And meditate on Heaven; enough of earth I know."

* Plutarch.

" I cannot blame thy choice," the Sage replied,
" For soft and smooth are Fancy's flowery ways.
" And yet even there, if left without a guide,
" The young adventurer unsafely plays.
" Eyes dazzled long by Fiction's gaudy rays,
" In modest Truth no light nor beauty find.
" And who, my child, would trust the meteor-blaze.
" That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer blind,
" More dark and helpless far, than if it ne'er had shin'd?

" Fancy enervates, while it soothes, the heart;
" And while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight:
" To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
" But wraps the hour of woe in tenfold night.
" And often, where no real ills affright,
" Its visionary fiends, an endless train,
" Assail with equal or superior might,
" And thro' the throbbing heart, and dizzy brain,
" And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than mortal pain.

" And yet, alas! the real ills of life
" Claim the full vigor of a mind prepar'd,
" Prepar'd for patient, long, laborious strife,
" Its guide Experience, and Truth its guard.
" We fare on earth as other men have far'd:
" Were they successful? Let not us despair.
" Was disappointment oft their sole reward?
" Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare
" How they have borne the load ourselves are doom'd to bear.

" What charms the Historic Muse adorn, from spoils
" And blood, and tyrants, when she wings her flight
" To hail the patriot Prince, whose pious toils
" Sacred to science, liberty, and right,
" And peace, through every age divinely bright
" Shall shine the boast and wonder of mankind:
" Sees yonder sun, from his meridian height,
" A lovelier scene, than Virtue thus enshrin'd [bin'd?
" In power, and man with man for mutual aid com-

" Hail, sacred Polity, by Freedom rear'd!
" Hail, sacred Freedom, when by Law restrain'd!
" Without you what were man? A groveling herd,
" In darkness, wretchedness, and want enchain'd.
" Sublim'd by you, the Greek and Roman reign'd
" In arts unrivall'd: O, to latest days,
" In Albion may your influence unprofan'd
" To godlike worth the generous bosom raise,
" And prompt the Sage's lore, and fire the Poet's lays!

" But now let other themes our care engage.
" For, lo! with modest yet majestic grace,
" To curb Imagination's lawless rage,
" And from within the cherish'd heart to brace,
" Philosophy appears. The gloomy race
" By indolence and moping Fancy bred,
" Fear, Discontent, Solicitude, give place,
" And Hope and Courage brighten in their stead,
" While on the kindling soul her vital beams are shed.

" Then waken from long lethargy to life *
" The seeds of happiness, and powers of thought;
" Then jarring appetites forego their strife,
" A strife by ignorance to madness wrought.
" Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought
" With fell revenge, lust that defies control,
" With gluttony and death. The mind untaught
" Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests howl;
" As Phœbus to the world, is Science to the soul.

* The influence of the Philosophic Spirit, in humanizing the mind, and preparing it for intellectual exertion, and delicate pleasure;---in exploring, by the help of geometry, the system of the universe;---in banishing superstition;---in promoting navigation, agriculture, medicine, and moral and political science;---from this Stanza to the end of the first Stanza, Page 31.

" And reason now, thro' number, time, and space,
" Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye, [trace,
" And learns, from facts compar'd, the laws to
" Whose long progression leads to Deity.
" Can mortal strength presume to soar so high!
" Can mortal sight, so oft bedimm'd with tears,
" Such glory bear!—for lo! the shadows fly
" From Nature's face; Confusion disappears,
" And order charms the eyes, and harmony the ears.

" In the deep windings of the grove no more
" The hag obscene, and grisly phantom dwell;
" Nor in the fall of mountain-stream, or roar
" Of winds, is heard the angry spirit's yell;
" No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
" Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon;
" Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
" To ease of fancied pangs the laboring moon,
" Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon.

" Many a long lingering year, in lonely isle,
" Stunn'd with the eternal turbulence of waves,
" Lo, with dim eyes that never learn'd to smile,
" And trembling hands, the famish'd native craves
" Of Heaven his wretched fare: shivering in caves,
" Or scorch'd on rocks, he pines from day to day;
" But Science gives the word; and lo, he braves
" The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
" And to a happier land wafts merrily away.

" And even where Nature loads the teeming plain
" With the full pomp of vegetable store,
" Her bounty, unimprov'd, is deadly bane: [shore
" Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to
" Stretch their enormous gloom; which to explore
" Even Fancy trembles in her sprightliest mood;
" For there each eye-ball gleams with lust of gore,
" Nestles each murderous and each monstrous brood,
" Plague lurks in every shade, and streams from every flood.

" 'Twas from Philosophy man learned to tame
" The soil by plenty to intemperance fed.
" Lo! from the echoing ax, and thundering flame,
" Poison and plague and yelling rage are fled.
" The waters bursting from their slimy bed,
" Bring health and melody to every vale:
" And, from the breezy main and mountain's head
" Ceres and Flora, to the sunny dale,
" To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering gale.

" What dire necessities on every hand
" Our art, our strength, our fortitude require!
" Of foes intestine what a numerous band
" Against this little throb of life conspire!
" Yet Science can elude their fatal ire
" Awhile, and turn aside Death's levell'd dart,
" Soothe the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire,
" And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the heart,
" And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

" Nor less to regulate man's mortal frame
" Science exerts her all-composing sway.
" Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,
" Or pines to Indolence and Spleen a prey,
" Or Avarice, a fiend more fierce than they?
" Flee to the shades of Academus' grove;
" Where cares molest not! discord melts away
" In harmony, and the pure passions prove
" How sweet the words of truth breath'd from the lips of love.

" What cannot Art and Industry perform,
" When Science plans the progress of their toil!
" They smile at penury, disease, and storm:
" And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil.
" When tyrants scourge, or demagogues embroil
" A land, or when the rabble's headlong rage
" Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,
" Deep-vers'd in man, the philosophic Sage
" Prepares with lenient hand their frenzy to assuage.

" 'Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
" From situation, temper, soil, and clime
" Explor'd, a nation's various powers can bind,
" And various orders, in one form sublime
" Of polity, that, midst the wrecks of time,
" Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear
" Th' assault of foreign or domestic crime,
" While public faith, and public love sincere,
" And Industry and Law maintain their sway severe."

Enraptur'd by the Hermit's strain, the Youth
Proceeds the path of Science to explore.
And now, expanding to the beams of Truth,
New energies, and charms unknown before,
His mind discloses: Fancy now no more
Wantons on fickle pinion through the skies;
But, fix'd in aim, and conscious of her power,
Sublime from cause to cause exults to rise,
Creation's blended stores arranging as she flies.

Nor love of novelty alone inspires,
Their laws and nice dependencies to scan;
For mindful of the aids that life requires,
And of the services man owes to man,
He meditates new arts on Nature's plan,
The cold desponding breast of Sloth to warm,
The flame of Industry and Genius fan,
And Emulation's noble rage alarm,
And the long hours of Toil and Solitude to charm.

But she, who set on fire his infant heart,
And all his dreams, and all his wanderings shar'd,
And bless'd, the Muse, and her celestial art,
Still claim th' Enthusiast's fond and first regard.
From Nature's beauties variously compar'd
And variously combin'd, he learns to frame
Those forms of bright perfection, which the Bard,
While boundless hopes and boundless views inflame,
Enamour'd consecrates to never-dying fame.

Of late, with cumbersome, tho' pompous show,
Edwin would oft his flowery rhyme deface
Through ardor to adorn; but Nature now
To his experienc'd eye a modest grace
Presents, where Ornament the second place
Holds, to intrinsic worth and just design
Subservient still. Simplicity apace
Tempers his rage: he owns her charm divine,
And clears the ambiguous phrase, and lops the unwieldly line.

Fain would I sing (much yet unsung remains)
What sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole,
When the great Shepherd of the Mantuan plains*
His deep majestic melody 'gan roll:
Fain would I sing, what transport storm'd his soul,
How the red current throbb'd his veins along,
When, like Pelides, bold beyond control,
Gracefully terrible, sublimely strong,
Homer rais'd high to Heaven the loud, th' impetuous song.

And how his lyre, though rude her first essays,
Now skill'd to soothe, to triumph, to complain,
Warbling at will thro' each harmonious maze,
Was taught to modulate the artful strain.
I fain would sing:—but ah! I strive in vain.
Sighs from a breaking heart my voice confound.—
With trembling step, to join yon weeping train
I haste, where gleams funereal glare around,
And, mix'd with shrieks of woe, the knells of death resound.

Adieu, ye lays, that Fancy's flowers adorn,
The soft amusement of the vacant mind!
He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn,
He, whom each Virtue fir'd, each Grace refin'd,

* Virgil.

Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind!—*
He sleeps in dust.—Ah, how should I pursue
My theme!—To heart-consuming grief resign'd,
Here on his recent grave I fix my view,
And pour my bitter tears.—Ye flowery lays, adieu!

Art thou, my G*******, for ever fled!
And am I left to unavailing woe!
When fortune's storms assail this weary head,
Where cares long since have shed untimely snow,
Ah! now for comfort whither shall I go?
No more thy soothing voice my anguish cheers:
Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer glow,
My hopes to cherish, and allay my fears.
'Tis meet that I should mourn: flow forth afresh
my tears.

* This excellent person died suddenly, on the 10th of February, 1773. The conclusion of the poem was written a few days after.

THE GRAVE.

The house appointed for all living. Job.

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage,
Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life; the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the *tomb;*
The appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet. Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death.—The Grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd: Nature appall'd
Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms and rueful wastes;
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night,
Dark as was Chaos ere the infant Sun
Was roll'd together, or had tried its beams
Athwart the gloom profound! The sickly taper,
By glimm'ring thro' thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy slime,
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
'Midst sculls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embodied thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.
See yonder hallow'd fane! the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which were:

There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks,
Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary;
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird
Rook'd in the spire screams loud; the gloomy ailes
Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of scutcheons,
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead. Rous'd from their slumbers,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
Again! the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.
Quite round the pile, a row of rev'rend elms,
Coeval near with that, all ragged show,
Long lash'd by the rude winds: some rift half down
Their branchless trunks; others so thin a-top,
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd here:
While shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs,
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unrung, untouch'd.
Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near to witching-time of night.
Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moon-shine, cheq'ring through the trees,
The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below;
Sudden he starts! and hears, or thinks he hears
The sound of something purring at his heels:
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand

O'er some new-open'd grave; and, strange to tell!
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow too I've sometimes spied,
Sad sight! slow-moving o'er the prostrate dead:
Listless she crawls along in doleful black,
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast-falling down her now untasted cheek.
Prone on the lonely grave of the dear man
She drops; while busy meddling memory
In barbarous succession, musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious Grave! how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tye more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweetner of life, and solder of society!
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labors of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart
Anxious to please. O! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the underwood
Sweet murm'ring; methought the shrill-tongu'd thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note;
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst every flower
Vied with his fellow plant in luxury
Of dress. Oh! then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'tis happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull Grave! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And every smirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? the man of health
Complexionally pleasant? where the droll?
Whose every look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
And made ev'n thick-lipp'd musing Melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them!
Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth,
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discover'd globe,
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim!
And cramm'd into a space we blush to name.
Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now,
Like new-born infant bound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife:
Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful Grave,
Of being unmolested and alone.
Araby's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honors by the heralds duly paid
In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple:
O cruel irony! these come too late;

And only mock whom they were meant to honor.
Surely, there's not a dungeon-slave that's buried
In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he..
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent
Above the vulgar-born, to rot in state!
But see! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding on,
Stately and slow; and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad!
How rich the trappings, now they're all unfurl'd
And glittering in the sun! Triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
In glory scarce succeed. Great gluts of people
Retard the unwieldly show; whilst from the casements
And houses' tops, ranks behind ranks close wedg'd,
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste?
Why this ado in earthing up a carcass
That's fall'n into disgrace, and in the nostril
Smells horrible? Ye undertakers! tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty stir? 'Tis wisely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The Painter casts discreetly into shades.
Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'st!
Below the envy of the private man!
Honor, that meddlesome officious ill,
Pursues thee ev'n to death; nor there stops short.
Strange persecution! when the grave itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance.
Absurd! to think to over-reach the grave,
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours!
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away: only themselves die faster.
The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurel'd bard,
Those bold insurers of eternal fame,

Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tapering pyramid, the Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world! whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd
The angry shaking of the winter's storm;
Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heav'n,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted,
Gives way. O lamentable sight! at once
The labor of whole ages lumbers down;
A hideous and mis-shapen length of ruins.
Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain
With all-subduing Time; his cankering hand
With calm deliberate malice wasteth them:
Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge.
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head and reddens at the tale.
Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who swam to sov'reign rule thro' seas of blood;
The oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And in a cruel wantonness of power
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent,
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind thy covert.
Vain thought! to hide them from the general scorn
That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd ghost
Implacable. Here too the petty tyrant,
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
And, well for neighb'ring grounds, of arm as short,
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey,
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of misery
(As if a slave was not a shred of nature,
Of the same common nature with his lord;)
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his kinsman;

Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground
Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.
When self-esteem, or others' adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we were something
Above the common level of our kind;
The grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd flattery,
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.
Beauty! thou pretty plaything! dear deceit!
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse unknown before!
The grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid;
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek,
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unscar'd. For this was all thy caution?
For this thy painful labors at thy glass,
T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the spoiler thanks thee not? Foul feeder!
Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
Look how the fair one weeps! the conscious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flowers:
Honest effusion! the swoln heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.
Strength too! thou surly, and less gentle boast
Of those that laugh loud at the village ring!
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down,
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? deep groan indeed!
With anguish heavy laden! let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
By stronger arm belabor'd, gasps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play! What now avail

The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread
shoulders?
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain! eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning! hideous sight!
Oh! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan?
It was his last. See how the great Goliath,
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still. What mean'st thou then, O mighty boaster!
To vaunt of nerves of thine! What means the bull,
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife.
With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage, close to his eye
Applies the sight-invigorating tube;
And travelling thro' the boundless length of space,
Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs,
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstasy of thought. But, ah! proud man!
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head:
Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails;
And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place,
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.
Here the tongue-warrior lies! disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ail to passers-by.
Great man of language! whence this mighty change?
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue;
Alas! how chop-fall'n now! thick mists and silence
Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
Unceasing. Ah! where is the lifted arm,

The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase!
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been!
Raz'd from the book of fame: or, more provoking,
Perhaps some hackney hunger-bitten scribbler
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes
With heavy halting pace that drawl along:
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.
Here the great masters of the healing art,
These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb!
Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
Resign to fate. Proud Æsculapius' son,
Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well-crammed magazines of health?
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Escap'd thy rifling hand; from stubborn shrubs
Thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire: nor fly, nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.
But why this apparatus? why this cost?
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave!
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas! thou speakest not. The bold impostor
Looks not more silly, when the cheat's found out.
Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons!
Who meanly stole, discreditable shift!
From back and belly too, their proper cheer!
Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcass, now lies cheaply lodg'd,
By clam'rous appetites no longer teas'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But ah! where are his rents, his comings in?
Aye! now you've made the rich man poor indeed:
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
O cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake

The fool throws up his int'rest in both worlds,
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.
How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain! how wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
O might she stay to wash away her stains
And fit her for her passage! mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood; and every groan
She heaves is big with horror: but the foe,
Like a staunch murd'rer steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
All forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.
Sure, 'tis a serious thing to die! my soul!
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end thou hast the gulf in view!
That awful gulf no mortal o'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side!
Nature runs back and shudders at the sight,
And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting!
For part they must: body and soul must part;
Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.
If death was nothing, and nought after death;
If, when men died, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence first they sprung; then might the debauchee
Untrembling mouth the heav'ns; then might the drunkard

Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bug-bear Death; then might the wretch
That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being when he pleas'd,
And by what way; whether by hemp or steel:
Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could force
The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes? Surely! he does well
That helps himself as timely as he can,
When able. But if there is an *hereafter*,
And that there is, conscience uninfluenc'd,
And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man,
Then must it be an awful thing to die;
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder! name it not; our island's shame,
That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring states.
Shall Nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
Self-preservation, fall by her own act!
Forbid it, heav'n! let not upon disgust
The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
With blood of its own lord. Dreadful attempt!
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
To rush into the presence of our Judge!
As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wrath. Unheard-of tortures
Must be reserv'd for such: these herd together;
The common damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fix'd; and all our days are number'd;
How long, how short, we know not: this we know,
Duty requires we calmy wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till heaven shall give permission.
Like sentries that must keep their destin'd stand,
And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.
Those only are the brave who keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick: to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worst

Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark! 'tis mad:
No frenzy half so desperate as this.
Tell us, ye dead! will none of you in pity
To those you left behind, disclose the secret?
O! that some courteous ghost would blab it out,
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
I've heard, that souls departed have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death: 'twas kindly done
To knock and give the alarm. But what means
This stinted charity? 'Tis but lame kindness
That does its work by halves. Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws
Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice? I'll ask no more;
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves: well—'tis no matter:
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.
Death's shafts fly thick! Here falls the village swain,
And there his pamper'd lord! The cup goes round,
And who so artful as to put it by?
'Tis long since death had the majority;
Yet, strange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle!
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaintance
By far his juniors! Scarce a scull's cast up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life. Thus, hand in hand,
The sot has walk'd with death twice twenty years;
And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a smuttier tale: when drunkards meet
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he minds not
That soon some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegenerate days
Could scarce have leisure for; fools that we are!
Never to think of death and of ourselves
At the same time; as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours. O more than sottish!
For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood
To frolic on eternity's dread brink,
Unapprehensive; when for aught we know
The very first swoln surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless unremitting stream,
Yet treads more soft, than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize. What is this world?
What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals,
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones?
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
And we that live must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring: in their turns
They too must cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet!
The shivering Icelander, and sun-burnt Moor;
Men of all climes, that never met before;
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favorite yet prouder,
His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abash'd
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts:
Now vain their treaty-skill! Death scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
From his gall'd shoulders? and when the cruel tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm, and quick as thought escapes
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.

Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the bubbling stream,
Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down
Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes
Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-rob'd prelate, and plain presbyter,
Ere while that stood aloof as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister-streams
That some rude interposing rock had split.
Here is the large-limb'd peasant; here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch:
Here is the mother with her sons and daughters;
The barren wife; the long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose every day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth: the shrill-tongu'd shrew,
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave;
The just, the good, the worthless, the profane,
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean,
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.

Poor man! how happy once in thy first state,
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He stamp'd thee with his image, and well-pleas'd
Smil'd on his last fair work! Then all was well.
Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune,

That play their several parts. Nor head, nor heart
Offer'd to ache; nor was there cause they should,
For all was pure within: no fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings up of what may be,
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom: summer seas
Show not more smooth when kiss'd by southern winds,
Just ready to expire. Scarce importun'd,
The generous soil with a luxuriant hand
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And every thing most perfect in its kind.
Blessed, thrice blessed days! but, ah! how short!
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men,
But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.
O slippery state of things! What sudden turns,
What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf
Of man's sad history! to-day most happy;
And, ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject!
How scant the space between these vast extremes!
Thus far'd it with our Sire: not long he enjoy'd
His paradise! scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again. And must he go?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man? Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain.
Not all the lavish odors of the place
Offer'd in incense can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom. A mighty angel
With flaming sword forbids his longer stay,
And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take
One last and farewell round. At once he lost
His glory and his God. If mortal now,
And sorely maim'd, no wonder! Man has sinn'd.
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he would needs try: nor tried in vain.
(Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!
Where the worst thing could happen, is success.)
Alas! too well he sped: the good he scorn'd

Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,
Not to return; or, if it did, its visits
Like those of angels short, and far between:
Whilst the black dæmon, with his hell-'scap'd train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the man, who now too late
Saw the rash error which he could not mend;
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage! human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And its vast body bleeds through every vein.
What havock hast thou made, foul monster, Sin!
Greatest and first of ills! the fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions! but for thee
Sorrow had never been. All noxious things
Of vilest nature, other sorts of evils,
Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from its burning entrails
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
And there it stops. The big-swoln inundation,
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threat'ning more;
But that too has its shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than these, sin has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a world;
Dispatching at a wide-extended blow
Entire mankind, and for their sakes defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accursed thing! O where shall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expressive
Of all thy horrors? pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper so transcendently malign,
That toads and serpents of most deadly kind

Compar'd to thee are harmless. Sicknesses
Of ev'ry size and symptom, racking pains,
And bluest plagues are thine! See how the fiend
Profusely scatters the contagion round;
Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her heels,
Wades deep in blood new-spilt; yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.
But hold! I've gone too far; too much discover'd
My father's nakedness, and nature's shame.
Here let me pause! and drop an honest tear,
One burst of filial duty, and condolence,
O'er all those ample deserts Death hath spread,
This chaos of mankind. O great man-eater!
Whose every day is carnival, not sated yet!
Unheard-of epicure! without a fellow!
The veriest gluttons do not always cram;
Some intervals of abstinence are sought
To edge the appetite: thou seekest none.
Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.
But, ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more:
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank hunger lays his skinny hand,
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings
(As if Diseases, Massacre, and Poison,
Famine and War, were not thy caterers!)
But now that thou must render up thy dead,
And with high interest too! they are not thine;
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promis'd day of restitution;
When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
Of strong-lung'd cherub shall alarm thy captives,
And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
Day-light, and liberty.——
Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal
The mines that lay long forming under ground,
In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,

And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire,
And inquisition of the forge. We know
The illustrious Deliverer of mankind,
The Son of God, thee foil'd. Him in thy power
Thou couldst not hold: self-vigorous he rose,
And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent.
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall!)
Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
And show'd himself alive to chosen witnesses
By proofs so strong, that the most slow-assenting
Had not a scruple left. This having done,
He mounted up to heaven. Methinks I see him
Climb the aërial heights, and glide along
Athwart the severing clouds: but the faint eye,
Flung backward in the chase, soon drops its hold,
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;
Nor are his friends shut out: as some great prince
Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train; it was his royal will,
That where he is, there should his followers be.
Death only lies between! a gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fear!
But nor untrod, nor tedious; the fatigue
Will soon go off. Besides, there's no by-road
To bliss. Then why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at transient hardships in the way
That leads to purer air and softer skies,
And a ne'er-setting sun? Fools that we are!
We wish to be where sweets unwithering bloom;
But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.
So have I seen, upon a summer's even,
Fast by the riv'let's brink a youngster play;
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!
This moment resolute, next unresolv'd,
At last he dips his foot; but as he dips
His fears redouble, and he runs away

From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flowers that paint the further bank,
And smil'd so sweet of late. Thrice welcome Death!
That after many a painful bleeding step,
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long wish'd-for shore. Prodigious change!
Our bane turn'd to a blessing! Death disarm'd
Loses his fellness quite; all thanks to him
Who scourg'd the venom out! Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him! in the evening-tide of life,
A life well spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green:
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet like the sun seems larger at his setting!
High in his faith and hopes, look! how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away!
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest! Then! O then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought. O how he longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
'Tis done, and now he's happy! The glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd. Even the lag flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain: the time draws on
When not a single spot of burial-earth,
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long-committed dust
Inviolate: and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account; not the least atom
Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready-furnish'd;
And each shall have his own. Hence, ye profane:

Ask not how this can be. Sure the same power
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were: Almighty God
Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
Through length of days; and what he can he will:
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumbering dust,
Not unattentive to the call shall wake;
And every joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner; but amidst the crowd,
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush, with all the impatience of a man
That's new come home, who having long been absent,
With haste runs over every different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
Thus, at the shut of even, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day;
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings and bears away.

MASON'S ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH OF LADY COVENTRY.

Written in 1760.

THE midnight clock has toll'd—and, hark! the bell
Of death beats slow: heard ye the note profound?
It pauses now; and now, with rising knell,
Flings to the hollow gale its sullen sound.

Yes—Coventry is dead. Attend the strain,
Daughters of Albion! ye that, light as air,
So oft have tripp'd in her fantastic train,
With hearts as gay, and faces half as fair:

For she was fair beyond your brightest bloom;
(This envy owns, since now her bloom is fled;)
Fair as the forms that, wove in Fancy's loom,
Float in light vision round the poet's head.

Whene'er with soft serenity she smil'd,
Or caught the orient blush of quick surprise,
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes!

Each look, each motion, wak'd a new-born grace,
That o'er her form its transient glory cast:
Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,
Chas'd by a charm still lovelier than the last.

That bell again! It tells us what she is;
On what she was, no more the strain prolong:
Luxuriant fancy, pause! an hour like this
Demands the tribute of a serious song.

Maria claims it from that sable bier,
Where cold and wan the slumberer rests her head;
In still small whispers to reflection's ear
She breathes the solemn dictates of the dead.

O catch the awful notes, and lift them loud!
Proclaim the theme, by sage, by fool, rever'd;
Hear it, ye young, ye vain, ye great, ye proud!
'Tis Nature speaks, and Nature will be heard.

Yes; ye shall hear, and tremble as ye hear,
While high with health, your hearts exulting leap;
E'en in the midst of pleasure's mad career,
The mental monitor shall wake and weep!

For say, than Coventry's propitious star,
What brighter planet on your births arose?
Or gave of fortune's gifts an ampler share,
In life to lavish, or by death to lose?

Early to lose! While, borne on busy wing,
Ye sip the nectar of each varying bloom;
Nor fear, while basking in the means of spring,
The wintry storm that sweeps you to the tomb;

Think of her fate! revere the heavenly hand
That led her hence, though soon, by steps so slow;
Long at her couch Death took his patient stand,
And menac'd oft, and oft withheld the blow:

To give reflection time, with lenient art
Each fond delusion from her soul to steal;
Teach her from folly peaceably to part,
And wean her from a world she lov'd so well.

Say, are ye sure his mercy shall extend
To you so long a span? Alas, ye sigh!
Make then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
And learn with equal ease to sleep or die.

Nor think the Muse, whose sober voice you hear,
Contracts with bigot frown her sullen brow:
Casts round religion's orb the mists of fear,
Or shades with horrors what with smiles should glow.

No—she would warm you with seraphic fire,
Heirs as ye are of heaven's eternal day;
Would bid you boldly to that heaven aspire,
Not sink and slumber in your cells of clay.

Know, ye were form'd to range yon azure field,
In yon ethereal founts of bliss to lave:
Force then, secure in faith's protecting shield,
The sting from death, the victory from the grave!

Is this the bigot's rant? Away, ye vain,
Your hopes, your fears, in doubt, in dulness steep;
Go soothe your souls, in sickness, grief, or pain,
With the sad solace of eternal sleep!

Yet will I praise you, trifiers as ye are,
More than those preachers of your fav'rite creed,
Who proudly swell the brazen throat of war,
Who form the phalanx, bid the battle bleed,

Nor wish for more; who conquer but to die.
Hear, Folly, hear, and triumph in the tale!
Like you they reason, not like you enjoy
The breeze of bliss that fills your silken sail!

On pleasure's glittering stream ye gaily steer
Your little course to cold oblivion's shore;
They dare the storm, and through th' inclement year
Stem the rough surge, and brave the torrent's roar.

Is it for glory? That just fate denies;
Long must the warrior moulder in his shroud,
Ere from her trump the heaven-breath'd accents rise,
That lift the hero from the fighting crowd!

Is it his grasp of empire to extend?
To curb the fury of insulting foes?
Ambition, cease! the idle contest end:
'Tis but a kingdom thou canst win or lose.

And why must murder'd myriads lose their all,
(If life be all,) why desolation lower
With famish'd frown on this affrighted ball,
That thou may'st flame the meteor of an hour?

Go, wiser ye, that flutter life away,
Crown with the mantling juice the goblet high!
Weave the light dance with festive freedom gay,
And live your moment, since the next ye die!

Yet know, vain sceptics! know, the Almighty Mind
Who breath'd on man a portion of his fire,
Bade his free soul, by earth nor time confin'd,
To heaven, to immortality aspire.

Nor shall the pile of hope his mercy rear'd,
By vain philosophy be e'er destroy'd:
Eternity, by all or wish'd or fear'd,
Shall be by all or suffer'd or enjoy'd!

Note. In a book of French verses, entitled, *Œuvres du Philosophe de Sans Souci*, and lately reprinted at Berlin by authority, under the title of *Poesies Diverses*, may be found an Epistle to Marshal Keith, written professedly against the immortality of the soul. By way of specimen of the whole, take the following lines:

De l'avenir, cher Keith, jugeons par le passe;
Comme avant que je fusse il n'avoit point pense;
De meme, apres ma mort, quand toutes mes parties
Par la corruption seront aneanties,
Par un meme destin il ne pensera plus!
Non, rien n'est plus certain, soyons en convaincu.

It is to this Epistle that the latter part of the Elegy alludes.

HYMN,

FROM PSALM 148.

OGILVIE.

BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay!
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise the Almighty's name.
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell the inspiring theme.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair!
Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim!
Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
And breath'd the fluid air.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound!
While all the adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing:
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir;
Thou, dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid:
Soon as grey evening gilds the plain,
Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade.

Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
Who call'd yon worlds from night:
"Ye shades, dispel!"—th' Eternal said;
At once th' involving darkness fled,
And nature sprung to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains,
That wings the air, that skims the plains,
United praise bestow:
Ye dragons, sound his awful name
To heaven aloud; and roar acclaim,
Ye swelling deeps below.

Let every element rejoice:
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

To him, ye graceful cedars, bow;
Ye towering mountains, bending low,
Your great Creator own;
Tell, when affrighted nature shook,
How Sinai kindled at his look,
And trembled at his frown.

Ye flocks, that haunt the humble vale,
Ye insects, fluttering on the gale,
In mutual concourse rise:
Crop the gay rose's vermil bloom,
And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
In incense to the skies.

Wake, all ye mountain tribes, and sing;
Ye blooming warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipt your glittering wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ;
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
The general burst of joy.

Ye, whom the charms of grandeur please,
Nurs'd on the downy lap of ease,
Fall prostrate at his throne:
Ye princes, rulers, all adore;
Praise him, ye kings, who makes your power
An image of his own.

Ye fair, by nature form'd to move,
O praise the eternal Source of Love
With youth's enlivening fire:
Let age take up the tuneful lay,
Sigh his blest name—then soar away,
And ask an angel's lyre.

SHAW'S MONODY

TO THE

MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

YET do I live? O how shall I sustain
This vast unutterable weight of woe?
This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,
Or all the complicated ills below?
She, in whose life my hopes were treasur'd all,
Is gone—for ever fled—
My dearest Emma's dead;
These eyes, these tear-swoln eyes beheld her fall.
Ah, no—she lives on some far happier shore,
She lives—but, cruel thought! she lives for me no more.

I, who the tedious absence of a day
Remov'd, would languish for my charmer's sight;
Would chide the lingering moments for delay,
And fondly blame the slow return of night;
How, how shall I endure
(O misery past a cure!)
Hours, days, and years, successively to roll,
Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul?

Was she not all my fondest wish could frame?
Did ever mind so much of heaven partake?
Did she not love me with the purest flame?
And give up friends and fortune for my sake?
Though mild as evening skies,
With downcast, streaming eyes,
Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,
Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her vows.

Come then, some Muse, the saddest of the train,
(No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays,)
Teach me each moving melancholy strain,
And, oh! discard the pageantry of phrase:
Ill suits the flowers of speech with woes like mine!
Thus, haply, as I paint
The source of my complaint,
My soul may own th' impassion'd line;
A flood of tears may gush to my relief,
And from my swelling heart discharge this load of grief.

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear
To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell;
"How good she was, how gentle, and how fair?"
In pity cease—alas! I know too well
How in her sweet expressive face
Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,
Yet heighten'd by exterior grace,
Of manners most engaging, most refin'd.

No piteous object could she see,
But her soft bosom shar'd the woe,
While smiles of affability
Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow.
Whate'er the emotions of her heart,
Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,
Stranger to every female art,
Alike to feign or to disguise:
And, oh! the boast how rare!
The secret in her faithful breast repos'd
She ne'er with lawless tongue disclos'd,
In secret silence lodg'd inviolate there.
Oh, feeble words—unable to express
Her matchless virtues, or my own distress.

Relentless death! that, steel'd to human woe,
With murderous hands deals havock on mankind,
Why (cruel!) strike this deprecated blow,
And leave such wretched multitudes behind?

Hark! groans come wing'd on every breeze!
The sons of grief prefer their ardent vow,
Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,
And supplicate thy aid, as I do now:
In vain—preserve, still on the unweeting head
'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to shed;
Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,
And drench in tears the face of joy.

But, oh! fell tyrant! yet expect the hour
When Virtue shall renounce thy power;
When thou no more shalt blot the face of day,
Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.
Alas, the day! where'er I turn my eyes,
Some sad memento of my loss appears;
I fly the fatal house—suppress my sighs,
Resolv'd to dry my unavailing tears:
But, ah! in vain—no change of time or place
The memory can efface
Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air,
Now lost; and nought remains but anguish and despair.

Where were the delegates of heaven, oh, where!
Appointed Virtue's children safe to keep?
Had Innocence or Virtue been their care,
She had not died, nor had I liv'd to weep:
Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,
To see her force the endearing smile,
My sorrows to beguile,
When Torture's keenest rage she prov'd;
Sure they had warded that untimely dart,
Which broke her thread of life, and rent a husband's heart.
How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,
When, feeling Death's resistless power,
My hand she press'd wet with her falling tears,
And thus, in faltering accents, spoke her fears!

" Ah, my lov'd lord, the transient scene is o'er,
" And we must part, alas! to meet no more!

" But, oh! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,
" If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear;
" If, from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain,
" Proud friends have frown'd, and fortune smil'd in vain;
" If it has been my sole endeavour still
" To act in all obsequious to thy will;
" To watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,
" Then only truly blest when thou wert so;
" If I have doated with that fond excess,
" Nor Love could add, nor Fortune make it less;
" If this I've done, and more—oh! then be kind
" To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.
" When time my once lov'd memory shall efface,
" Some happier maid may take thy Emma's place,
" With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,
" And hate it for the love thou bor'st to me!
" My dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears;
" But one word more—I cannot bear thy tears—
" Promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow
" (Oft have I tried, and ever found thee true)
" That to some distant spot thou wilt remove
" This fatal pledge of hapless Emma's love,
" Where safe thy blandishments it may partake,
" And, oh! be tender for its mother's sake.
" Wilt thou?——
" I know thou wilt—sad silence speaks assent;
" And in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies content."

I, who with more than manly strength have bore
The various ills impos'd by cruel Fate,
Sustain the firmness of my soul no more;
But sink beneath the weight;
Just Heaven! I cried, from Memory's earliest day
No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known;
Misfortune still, with unrelenting sway,
Has claim'd me for her own.
But, oh! in pity to my grief, restore
This only source of bliss; I ask—I ask no more—

Vain hope—the irrevocable doom is past,
Ev'n now she looks—she sighs her last—
Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,
And, with rebellious heart, protest against her death.

When the stern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,
How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow!
With impious wish to tear her from the skies,
How curse my fate in bitterness of woe!
But whither would this dreadful frenzy lead?
Fond man, forbear,
Thy fruitless sorrow spare,
Dare not to tax what Heaven's high will decreed;
In humble rev'rence kiss the afflictive rod,
And prostrate bow to an offended God.

Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,
Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach;
To wean thy heart from groveling views below,
And point out bliss beyond Misfortune's reach:
To show that all the flattering schemes of joy,
Which towering Hope so fondly builds in air,
One fatal moment can destroy,
And plunge the exulting maniac in despair.
Then, oh! with pious fortitude sustain
Thy present loss—haply thy future gain;
Nor let thy Emma die in vain:
Time shall administer its wonted balm,
And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasing calm.

Thus the poor bird, by some disastrous fate
Caught and imprison'd in a lonely cage,
Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,
Flutters awhile, and spends its little rage:
But finding all its efforts weak and vain,
No more it pants and rages for the plain:
Moping awhile, in sullen mood
Droops the sweet mourner—but ere long
Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,
And meditates the song:
Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous case,
And with its plaintive warbling saddens all the place.

Forgive me, Heav'n!—yet, yet the tears will flow,
To think how soon my scene of bliss is past!
My budding joys, just promising to blow,
All nipt and wither'd by one envious blast!
My hours that laughing wont to fleet away,
Move heavily along;
Where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund song?
Time creeps, unconscious of delight:
How shall I cheat the tedious day;
And, oh:—the joyless night!
Where shall I rest my weary head?
How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed?

Come, Theban drug,* the wretch's only aid,
To my torn heart its former peace restore;
Thy votary, wrapp'd in thy Lethean shade,
Awhile shall cease his sorrows to deplore;
Haply, when lock'd in sleep's embrace,
Again I shall behold my Emma's face;
Again with transport hear
Her voice soft whispering in my ear;
May steal once more a balmy kiss,
And taste at least of visionary bliss.

But, ah! the unwelcome morn's obtruding light
Will all my shadowy schemes of bliss depose,
Will tear the dear illusion from my sight,
And wake me to the sense of all my woes:
If to the verdant fields I stray,
Alas! what pleasures now can these convey?
Her lovely form pursues where'er I go,
And darkens all the scene with woe.
By Nature's lavish bounties cheer'd no more,
Sorrowing I rove
Through valley, grot, and grove;
Nought can their beauties or my loss restore;
No herb, no plant, can med'cine my disease,
And my sad sighs are borne on every passing breeze.

* Laudanum.

Sickness and sorrow hovering round my bed,
Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,
With lenient hand support my drooping head,
Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?
Should worldly business call away,
Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,
Count every minute of the loitering day,
Impatient for my quick return?
Should aught my bosom discompose,
Who now, with sweet complacent air,
Shall smoothe the rugged brow of Care,
And soften all my woes?
Too faithful Memory—cease, oh! cease—
How shall I e'er regain my peace?
(Oh, to forget her!)—but how vain each art,
Whilst every virtue lives imprinted on my heart!

And thou, my little cherub, left behind
To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,
When Reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,
And thy sweet lisping tongue shall ask the cause,
How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er
When, twining round my knees, I trace
Thy mother's smile upon thy face!
How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore
Sad memory of my joys—ah, now no more!
By blessings once enjoy'd now more distress'd,
More beggar by the riches once possess'd,
My little darling!—dearer to me grown
By all the tears thou'st caus'd—oh! strange to hear!
Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,
Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier:
Who now shall seek with fond delight
Thy infant steps to guide aright?
She, who with doating eyes would gaze
On all thy little artless ways,
By all thy soft endearments blest,
And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,
Alas! is gone—yet shalt thou prove
A father's dearest, tenderest love;

And, O sweet senseless smiler (envied state!)
As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,
When years thy judgment shall mature,
And Reason shows those ills it cannot cure,
Wilt thou, a father's grief t' assuage,
For virtue prove the Phœnix of the earth
(Like her, thy mother died to give thee birth,)
And be the comfort of my age?

When sick and languishing I lie,
Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care supply?
And, oft as to thy listening ear,
Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,
Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,
Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell?
Then fondly stealing to thy father's side,
Whene'er thou seest the soft distress,
Which I would vainly seek to hide,
Say, wilt thou strive to make it less?
To soothe my sorrows all thy cares employ,
And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy?

ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

OGILVIE.

HAIL, queen of thought sublime! propitious power,
Who o'er the unbounded waste art joy'd to roam,
Led by the moon, when at the midnight hour
Her pale rays tremble through the dusky gloom.

O bear me, goddess, to thy peaceful seat!
Whether to Hecla's cloud-wrapt brow convey'd,
Or lodg'd where mountains screen thy deep retreat,
Or wandering wild through Chili's boundless shade.

Say, rove thy steps o'er Lybia's naked waste?
Or seek some distant solitary shore?
Or, on the Andes' topmost mountain plac'd,
Dost sit, and hear the solemn thunder roar?

Fix'd on some hanging rock's projected brow,
Hear'st thou low murmurs from the distant dome?
Or stray thy feet where pale dejected Woe
Pours her long wail from some lamented tomb?

Hark! yon deep echo strikes the trembling ear!
See night's dun curtain wraps the darksome pole!
O'er heaven's blue arch yon rolling worlds appear,
And rouse to solemn thought the aspiring soul.

O lead my steps beneath the moon's dim ray,
Where Tadmor stands all desert and alone!
While from her time-shook towers the bird of prey
Sounds thro' the night her long-resounding moan.

Or bear me far to yon dark dismal plain,
Where fell-eyed tigers all athirst for blood,
Howl to the desert; while the horrid train
Roams o'er the wild where once great Babel stood;

That queen of nations! whose superior call
Rous'd the broad East, and bid her arms destroy!
When warm'd to mirth, let judgment mark her fall,
And deep reflection dash the lip of joy.

Short is Ambition's gay deceitful dream;
Tho' wreaths of blooming laurel bind her brow;
Calm thought dispels the visionary scheme,
And Time's cold breath dissolves the withering bough.

Slow as some miner saps th' aspiring tower,
When working secret with destructive aim,
Unseen, unheard, thus moves the stealing hour,
But works the fall of empire, pomp, and name.

Then let thy pencil mark the traits of man,
Full in the draught be keen-ey'd Hope pourtray'd,
Let fluttering Cupids crowd the growing plan:
Then give one touch, and dash it deep with shade.

Beneath the plume that flames with glancing rays
Be Care's deep engines on the soul impress'd;
Beneath the helmet's keen refulgent blaze
Let Grief sit pining in the canker'd breast.

Let Love's gay sons, a smiling train, appear,
With beauty pierc'd—yet heedless of the dart;
While closely couch'd, pale sickening Envy near
Whets her fell sting, and points it at the heart.

Perch'd like a raven on some blasted yew,
Let guilt revolve the thought-distracting sin!
Scar'd while her eyes survey the ethereal blue,
Lest heaven's strong lightning burst the dark within.

Then paint impending o'er the maddening deep
That rock where heart-struck Sappho, vainly brave,
Stood, firm of soul—then from the dizzy steep
Impetuous sprung, and dash'd the boiling wave.

Here wrapt in studious thought let Fancy rove,
Still prompt to mark Suspicion's secret snare;
To see where Anguish nips the bloom of Love,
Or trace proud Grandeur to the domes of Care.

Should e'er Ambition's towering hopes inflame,
Let judging Reason draw the veil aside;
Or, fir'd with envy at some mighty name,
Read o'er the monument that tells—He died.

What are the ensigns of imperial sway,
What all that Fortune's liberal hand has brought!
Teach they the voice to pour a sweeter lay?
Or rouse the soul to more exalted thought!

When bleeds the heart as Genius blooms unknown,
When melts the eye o'er Virtue's mournful bier:
Not wealth, but pity, swells the bursting groan;
Not power, but whispering Nature, prompts the tear.

Say, gentle mourner, in yon mouldy vault,
Where the worm fattens on some sceptred brow,
Beneath that roof with sculptur'd marble fraught,
Why sleeps unmov'd the breathless dust below?

Sleeps it more sweetly than the simple swain,
Beneath some mossy turf that rests his head;
Where the lone widow tells the night her pain,
And eve with dewy tears embalms the dead?

The lily, screen'd from every ruder gale,
Courts not the cultur'd spot where roses spring:
But blows neglected in the peaceful vale,
And scents the zephyr's balmy-breathing wing.

The busts of grandeur and the pomp of power,
Can these bid Sorrow's gushing tears subside?
Can these avail in that tremendous hour,
When Death's cold hand congeals the purple tide?

Ah, no! the mighty names are heard no more:
Pride's thought sublime, and Beauty's kindling bloom,
Serve but to sport one flying moment o'er,
And swell with pompous verse th' escutcheon'd tomb.

For me—may passion ne'er my soul invade,
Nor be the whims of towering Frenzy given;
Let wealth ne'er court me from the peaceful shade,
Where Contemplation wings the soul to Heaven!

Oh! guard me safe from Joy's enticing snare!
With each extreme that Pleasure tries to hide,
The poison'd breath of slow-consuming Care,
The noise of Folly, and the dreams of Pride.

But oft when midnight's sadly solemn knell
Sounds long and distant from the sky-topt tower,
Calm let me sit in Prosper's lonely cell,*
Or walk with Milton through the dark obscure.

Thus, when the transient dream of life is fled
May some sad friend recall the former years;
Then, stretch'd in silence o'er my dusty bed,
Pour the warm gush of sympathetic tears!

* See Shakspeare's Tempest.

DEATH.

BY DR. PORTEUS, BISHOP OF LONDON.

FRIEND to the wretch whom every friend forsakes,
I woo thee, Death!—In Fancy's fairy paths
Let the gay songster rove, and gently trill
The strain of empty joy. Life and its joys
I leave to those that prize them. At this hour,
This solemn hour, when silence rules the world,
And wearied nature makes a general pause;
Wrapt in night's sable robe, through cloisters drear
And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng
Of meagre phantoms shooting cross my path
With silent glance, I seek the shadowy vale
Of Death. Deep in a murky cave's recess,
Lav'd by Oblivion's listless stream, and fenc'd
By shelving rocks, and intermingled horrors
Of yew and cypress shade, from all intrusion
Of busy noontide beam, the Monarch sits
In unsubstantial majesty enthron'd.
At his right hand, nearest himself in place
And fruitfulness of form, his parent Sin,
With fatal industry and cruel care
Busies himself in pointing all his stings,
And tipping every shaft with venom drawn
From her infernal store: around him rang'd
In terrible array, and mixture strange
Of uncouth shapes, stand his dread ministers.
Foremost Old Age, his natural ally
And firmest friend: next him diseases thick,
A motley train; Fever with cheek of fire;
Consumption wan; Palsy, half-warm with life,
And half a clay-cold lump; joint-tort'ring Gout;
And ever-gnawing Rheum; Convulsion wild;

Swoln Dropsy; panting Asthma; Apoplex
Full-gorg'd. There too the Pestilence that walks
In darkness, and the Sickness that destroys
At broad noon-day. These, and a thousand more,
Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and, when
By Heaven's command Death waves his ebon wand,
Sudden rush forth to execute his purpose,
And scatter desolation o'er the Earth.

Ill-fated Man, for whom such various forms
Of misery wait, and mark their future prey!
Ah! why, all-righteous Father, didst thou make
This creature, Man? Why wake the unconscious dust
To life and wretchedness? O better far
Still had he slept in uncreated night,
If this the lot of being! Was it for this
Thy breath divine kindled within his breast
The vital flame? For this was thy fair image
Stamp'd on his soul in godlike lineaments?
For this dominion given him absolute
O'er all thy works, only that he might reign
Supreme in woe? From the blest source of Good
Could Pain and Death proceed? Could such foul ills
Fall from fair Mercy's hands? Far be the thought,
The impious thought! God never made a creature
But what was good. He made *a living Soul;*
The wretched Mortal was the work of Man.
Forth from his Maker's hands he sprung to life,
Fresh with immortal bloom; no pain he knew,
No fear of change, no check to his desires,
Save one command. That one command, which stood
'Twixt him and Death, the test of his obedience,
Urg'd on by wanton curiosity,
He broke. There in one moment was undone
The fairest of God's works. The same rash hand,
That pluck'd in evil hour the fatal fruit,
Unbarr'd the gates of Hell, and let loose Sin
And Death, and all the family of Pain,
To prey upon Mankind. Young Nature saw
The monstrous crew, and shook thro' all her frame.
Then fled her new-born lustre, then began

Heaven's cheerful face to lower, then vapors chok'd
The troubled air, and form'd a veil of clouds
To hide the willing Sun. The earth convuls'd
With painful throes threw forth a bristly crop
Of thorns and briars; and insect, bird, and beast,
That wont before with admiration fond
To gaze at man, and fearless crowd around him,
Now fled before his face, shunning in haste
The infection of his misery. He alone
Who justly might, the offended Lord of Man,
Turn'd not away his face; he, full of pity,
Forsook not in this uttermost distress
His best-lov'd work. That comfort still remain'd
(That best, that greatest comfort in affliction,)
The countenance of God, and through the gloom
Shot forth some kindly gleams, to cheer and warm
The offender's sinking soul. Hope sent from Heaven
Uprais'd his drooping head, and show'd afar
A happier scene of things; the Promised Seed
Trampling upon the Serpent's humbled crest;
Death of his sting disarm'd; and the dark grave,
Made pervious to the realms of endless day
No more the limit but the gate of life.

Cheer'd with the view, Man went to till the ground
From whence he rose; sentenc'd indeed to toil
As to a punishment, yet (ev'n in wrath,
So merciful is Heaven) this toil became
The solace of his woes, the sweet employ
Of many a live-long hour, and surest guard
Against Disease and Death. Death, tho' denounc'd,
Was yet a distant ill, by feeble arm
Of Age, his sole support, led slowly on.
Not then, as since, the short-liv'd sons of men
Flock'd to his realms in countless multitudes;
Scarce in the course of twice five hundred years,
One solitary ghost went shivering down
To his unpeopled shore. In sober state,
Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
The venerable Patriarch guileless held
The tenor of his way; Labor prepar'd

His simple fare, and Temperance rul'd his board,
Tir'd with his daily toil, at early eve
He sunk to sudden rest; gentle and pure
As breath of evening Zephyr, and as sweet
Were all his slumbers: with the Sun he rose,
Alert and vigorous as He to run
His destin'd course. Thus nerv'd with giant strength,
He stemm'd the tide of time, and stood the shock
Of ages rolling harmless o'er his head.
At life's meridian point arriv'd, he stood,
And looking round, saw all the vallies fill'd
With nations from his loins; full well content
To leave his race thus scatter'd o'er the earth,
Along the gentle slope of life's decline
He bent his gradual way, till full of years
He dropt like mellow fruit into his grave.
Such in the infancy of Time was Man;
So calm was life, so impotent was Death!
O had he but preserv'd these few remains,
The shatter'd fragments of lost happiness,
Snatch'd by the hand of Heaven from the sad wreck
Of innocence primæval; still had he liv'd
In ruin great; though fallen, yet not forlorn;
Though mortal, yet not every where beset
With Death in every shape! But he, impatient
To be completely wretched, hastes to fill up
The measure of his woes:—'Twas Man himself
Brought Death into the world; and Man himself
Gave keenness to his darts, quicken'd his pace,
And multiplied destruction on mankind.
First Envy, eldest-born of Hell, embru'd
Her hands in blood, and taught the Sons of Men
To make a Death which Nature never made,
And God abhorr'd; with violence rude to break
The thread of life ere half its length was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being.
With joy Ambition saw, and soon improv'd
The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
By subtle fraud to snatch a single life;
Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell

To sate the lust of power: more horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature,
Became its boast. *One* murder made a villain;
Millions a hero. Princes were privileg'd
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah! why will Kings forget that they are Men?
And Men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of Nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?
Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
Inhumanly ingenious to find out
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,
Artificers of Death! Still Monarchs dream
Of universal empire growing up
From universal ruin. Blast the design,
Great God of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine!
Yet say, should Tyrants learn at last to feel,
And the loud din of battle cease to bray;
Should dove-ey'd Peace o'er all the earth extend
Her olive-branch, and give the world repose,
Would Death be foil'd? Would health, and strength, and youth
Defy his power? Has he no arts in store,
No other shafts save those of War? Alas!
Ev'n in the smile of Peace, that smile which sheds
A heavenly sunshine o'er the soul, there basks
That serpent Luxury. War its thousand slays;
Peace its ten thousands. In the embattled plain,
Though Death exults, and claps his raven wings,
Yet reigns he not ev'n there so absolute,
So merciless, as in yon frantic scenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
Where in the intoxicating draught conceal'd,
Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless love,
He snares the simple youth, who nought suspecting,
Means to be blest—but finds himself undone.
Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts,
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky.

Hope swells his sails, and Passion steers his course.
Safe glides his little bark along the shore
Where Virtue takes her stand; but if too far
He launches forth beyond Discretion's mark,
Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.
O sad but sure mischance! O happier far
To lie like gallant Howe 'midst Indian wilds
A breathless corse, cut off by savage hands
In earliest prime, a generous sacrifice
To freedom's holy cause, than so to fall,
Torn immature from life's meridian joys,
A prey to Vice, Intemperance, and Disease.
Yet die ev'n thus, thus rather perish still,
Ye sons of Pleasure, by the Almighty stricken,
Than ever dare (though oft, alas! ye dare)
To life against yourselves the murderous steel,
To wrest from God's own hand the sword of Justice,
And be your own avengers! Hold, rash Man,
Though with anticipating speed thou'st rang'd
Through every region of delight, nor left
One joy to gild the evening of thy days;
Though life seem one uncomfortable void,
Guilt at thy heels, before thy face Despair;
Yet gay this scene, and light this load of woe,
Compar'd with thy hereafter. Think, O think,
And, ere thou plunge into the vast abyss,
Pause on the verge awhile: look down and see
Thy future mansion. Why that start of horror?
From thy slack hand why drops the uplifted steel?
Didst thou not think such vengeance must await
The wretch, that with his crimes all fresh about him
Rushes irreverent, unprepar'd, uncall'd,
Into his Maker's presence, throwing back
With insolent disdain his choicest gift?
Live then, while Heaven in pity lends thee life,
And think it all too short to wash away,
By penitential tears and deep contrition,
The scarlet of thy crimes. So shalt thou find
Rest to thy soul; so unappall'd shalt meet

Death when he comes, not wantonly invite
His lingering stroke. Be it thy sole concern
With innocence to live: with patience wait
The appointed hour: too soon that hour will come,
Though Nature run her course. But Nature's God,
If need require, by thousand various ways,
Without thy aid, can shorten that short span,
And quench the lamp of life. O when he comes,
Rous'd by the cry of wickedness extreme,
To Heaven ascending from some guilty land,
Now ripe for vengeance; when he comes array'd
In all the terrors of Almighty wrath,
Forth his bosom plucks his lingering arm,
And on the miscreants pours destruction down;
Who can abide his coming? Who can bear
His whole displeasure. In no common form
Death then appears, but starting into size
Enormous, measures with gigantic stride
The astonish'd Earth, and from his looks throws round
Unutterable horror and dismay;
All Nature lends her aid. Each Element
Arms in his cause. Ope fly the doors of Heaven;
The fountains of the deep their barriers break;
Above, below, the rival torrents pour,
And drown Creation; or in floods of fire
Descends a livid cataract, and consumes
An impious race. Sometimes, when all seems peace,
Wakes the grim whirlwind, and with rude embrace
Sweeps nations to their grave, or in the deep
Whelms the proud wooden world; full many a youth
Floats on his watery bier, or lies unwept
On some sad desert shore! At dead of night,
In sullen silence stalks forth Pestilence:
Contagion close behind taints all her steps
With poisonous dew; no smiting hand is seen,
No sound is heard; but soon her secret path
Is mark'd with desolation; heaps on heaps
Promiscuous drop. No friend, no refuge, near;
All, all is false and treacherous around;
All that they touch, or taste, or breathe, is Death.

But ah! what means that ruinous roar? why fail
These tottering feet? Earth to its centre feels
The Godhead's power, and trembling at his touch
Through all its pillars, and in every pore,
Hurls to the ground, with one convulsive heave,
Precipitating domes, and towns, and towers,
The work of ages. Crush'd beneath the weight
Of general devastation, millions find
One common grave; not even a widow left
To wail her sons: the house, that should protect,
Entombs its master; and the faithless plain,
If there he flies for help, with sudden yawn
Starts from beneath him. Shield me, gracious Heaven,
O snatch me from destruction! If this Globe,
This solid Globe, which thine own hand hath made
So firm and sure, if this my steps betray;
If my own mother Earth, from whence I sprung,
Rise up with rage unnatural to devour
Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly?
Where look for succour? Where, but up to thee,
Almighty Father? Save, O save thy suppliant
From horrors such as these! At thy good time
Let Death approach; I reck not—let him but come
In genuine form, not with thy vengeance arm'd,
Too much for man to bear. O rather lend
Thy kindly aid to mitigate his stroke;
And at that hour when all aghast I stand
(A trembling candidate for thy compassion)
On this world's brink, and look into the next;
When my soul, starting from the dark unknown,
Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings
To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd
From this fair scene, from all her custom'd joys,
And all the lovely relatives of life,
Then shed thy comforts o'er me, then put on
The gentlest of thy looks. Let no dark crimes,
In all their hideous forms then starting up,
Plant themselves round my couch in grim array,
And stab my bleeding heart with two-edg'd torture,
Sense of past guilt, and dread of future woe.

Far be the ghastly crew! And in their stead
Let cheerful Memory from her purest cells
Lead forth a goodly train of Virtues fair,
Cherish'd in earliest youth, now paying back
With tenfold usury the pious care,
And pouring o'er my wounds the heavenly balm
Of conscious innocence. But chiefly, Thou,
Whom soft-ey'd Pity once led down from Heaven,
To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,
And, oh! still harder lesson! how to die;
Disdain not Thou to smoothe the restless bed
Of Sickness and of Pain. Forgive the tear
That feeble Nature drops, calm all her fears,
Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,
Till my wrapt soul, anticipating Heaven,
Bursts from the thraldom of incumbering clay,
And on the wing of Ecstasy upborne,
Springs into Liberty, and Light, and Life.

DISTRESS.

A POEM.

*By ROBERT NOYES.**

Is there a Muse will her assistance lend
To him who wants a patron and a friend?
Is there among the gay and sprightly Nine,
Who on *Distress* will condescend to shine
With ray indulgent? Then I'd soar and sing,
Though Penury's hard hand hath clipt my wing.
Humbly I've urg'd my suit to every Muse;
All turn disdainful and my suit refuse:
How shall I tune, forlorn, the mournful reed,
While my heart sickens, and my sorrows bleed?
Some gentle Spirit whispers in my ear,
"Produce the song"—"Suppress it," says Despair—
The gentle Spirit's whisper I obey,
And to his care commit my feeble lay.
Far from the seats of Affluence and of Ease,
Where Plenty riots, and soft sonnets please;
Where Mirth's associates in the banquet join,
And quaff the richness of Burgundia's vine,
Distress, recluse, a batter'd cottage finds,
That yields no shelter from tempestuous winds;
Whose crevic'd walls admit the driven snow;
And mark the tenant for a child of woe;
Their flimsy texture spiders here extend,
And crickets here their notes with screech-owls blend;
Here hunger ravens; hence sweet rest retires;
Hence comforts vanish, and here hope expires;

* The Author of this Poem died in November 1798, at Cranbrook in Kent. He was worn out by infirmities, and quietly resigned his soul into the hands of his Maker.

This dire abode no traveller ventures near;
No brisk associates—for no banquet's here;
Yet her associates pale *Distress* can name;
Hunger, and Thirst, Contempt, and honest Shame,
With anxious Care, and gloomy Solitude,
(All guests unwelcome,) on her cot intrude.
Hunger and Thirst on cold *Distress* await,
And threaten Famine in her small retreat;
These to the rich a transient visit pay;
Plenty relieves them, and they haste away;
But with the poor their residence is long,
Their presence painful, and their cravings strong:
"Give bread! Give water!"—but in vain they cry;
The shelf is empty, and the fountain dry:
No pleas avail that Poverty suggests,
T' appease the tumult of her irksome guests;
She schemes, she wishes their demands to grant,
And says, "To-morrow shall supply their want:"
"To-morrow!" both with angry haste reply,
"Give, give us now, or else to-night you die!"
Contempt, foul fiend, the base-born child of Pride,
Begot by Folly, and to Hell allied,
Thro' strange perverseness meek *Distress* pursues,
And all her woes with cruel pleasure views.
Quick from her eye Disdain (a poison'd dart)
Flies off oblique, and wounds her broken heart;
Hunger and Thirst have painful pointed stings,
But sly Contempt a tenfold sorrow brings,
And brings it, laden with a tenfold weight,
On those who sink to worse from better state.
Whose eye contemptuous keenest flashes sends?
His, whom we number'd once among our friends.
Whose brow reveals the most disgusting scorn?
His, but our equal, or inferior born.
Whose venom'd tongue excites our saddest tears?
His, whom we once sustain'd in happier years.
Can this foul fiend, the base-born child of Pride,
In any, but the rankest, breast reside?
The formal Saint, who carries in his face
The serious picture of internal grace;

Who pleads the orphan's and the widow's cause,
With seeming pity, and with self applause;
Whose lips the law of charity can teach,
And love and friendship most devoutly preach;
Who censures pride with hypocritic zeal,
And paints its downfall in a whining tale;
Who for the wretched heaves an artful sigh,
And gives *Distress* the tribute of his eye;
Pleads, pities, preaches, censures, weeps, and sighs,
Yet is no Saint; but Satan in disguise:
A man like this, within his heart provides
A filthy corner, where the fiend resides!
If to this Saint some wretch presents his suit,
Out starts the fiend, and strikes the suppliant mute.
Shame, such as ne'er the splendid villain grac'd,
Flushes the cheek of competence debas'd:
The blush that joins in low *Distress's* train,
Springs not from guilt but witnesses to pain,
A conscious pain, excited by despair,
At thought of what we are, and what we were:
Reflection traces life's smooth seasons gone,
And mourns the former pleasing scenes withdrawn;
Forward it looks, and gloomy clouds arise
That threaten danger, and create surprise;
Peculiar hardships mark the steps of those
Who pass from comfort to *Distress* and woes.
What anxious cares the poor man's bosom vex,
In dreams torment him, and by day perplex!
The poor, I mean, whose prosperous noon is past;
Whose adverse night draws on with winged haste:
What various schemes his busy thoughts devise
To ward off Want, and silence Nature's cries!
How small the pittance yesterday supplied!
To-day a smaller pittance is denied;
He hopes to-morrow will more liberal be,
But proves the greatest niggard of the three.
Less anxious thoughts his mind would discompose,
Were none the partners of his daily woes;
Had he been doom'd to bear the load alone,
This mournful verse the world had never known;

The wretch dejected had in secret sigh'd
Beneath his burden, and in secret died:
But tender pledges of connubial love
Partake his wants, and all his pity move:
Their mother's joy—their mother now no more,
To see—to feel—their sorrows and deplore—
Turn from this scene, my soul, awhile, and sigh,
And lift to heaven the hand—the heart—the eye!
Then to this scene, blest shade! I'll turn again,
And solemnize thy death in plaintive strain.
Father of mercies! whose indulgent ear
Is always open to an humble prayer!
Whose pity sees, whene'er thy creatures grieve;
Whose bounteous hands their indigence relieve!
O! for His sake, whose lips, with grace replete,
Successful plead before thy mercy-seat;
Pour down thy blessings on the sons of need,
Who at thy throne for blessings intercede!
Their fears remove, their pressing wants supply,
And guide their feet through life with watchful eye,
To their sad hearts restore departed joy,
So shall thy praise their grateful tongues employ.
To poor *Distress* sad Solitude repairs,
And with her broods in silence o'er her fears;
While to the rich base parasites resort,
And at the shrine of Mammon make their court;
Who turn their footsteps to the moss-spread door,
Where sit and pine the solitary poor?
Shunn'd by the proud with no less timorous care,
Than flies the unwounded from the stricken deer.
Is there among the opulent and great,
Who deign to enter Poverty's retreat?
Is there who makes the Christian name his boast,
But to the virtues of a Christian's lost?—
Some few there are, (how blest and honor'd they!)
Who hear the Saviour's precepts,* and obey;
Who feed the hungry with a heart benign;
Who give refreshment when the thirsty pine:

* See Matthew xxv. 35, &c.

Who grant the stranger shelter from the storm,
Who clothe the naked, and the frost-nipt warm;
The sick who visit with humane intent,
And seek the cottage where the poor lament;
To these kind, blest, and honor'd few, I raise
An humble column of unfeigned praise;
Above the rest, if one in goodness shines,
To whom my muse inscribes these artless lines,
Benevolus is he—the friend unsought,
Whose soul with every lovely virtue's fraught.
Now, my sad soul, life's former scenes revise;
Compare the summer with the winter skies!—
Ye halcyon days! O! why for ever fled?
Why beats the storm on this devoted head?
O! that I were as in bright seasons gone,
When God * with favor on my dwelling shone!
When by his light I walk'd through darksome ways,
And peace and safety crown'd my youthful days!
When Plenty's hand my homely table spread,
And Rest her roses scatter'd on my bed!
When Hunger's plaint ne'er pierc'd a father's ear,
Nor children's wants drew forth a mother's tear!—
Now sights of anguish meet my weeping eyes,
And prospects dreary all around me rise.
The infants' moan a parent's heart pervades,
Who, in their looks, their wants with sorrow reads;
Reads, in such lines as eloquence excel,
The woes and wishes that their bosom swell.
Will Heaven the shaggy lion's young supply,
And bear, and feed the ravens when they cry;
Yet leave the human offspring to complain,
To sigh—to weep—to supplicate in vain?
Sooner shall whirlwinds rock the sea to rest,
And mothers stab their sucklings at the breast;
Sooner shall tigers from the desert rove,
And wander harmless through the festive grove;
Sooner the leopard change his spotted side;
A feather sooner stem the rapid tide;

* See Job xxix. 2, 3, &c.

Sooner the Moor efface his sable hue,
And sooner earth be delug'd with a dew,
Than God his timely succours shall withhold
From babes oppress'd with hunger, thirst, and cold.
Where is the bounty of the sons of Wealth,
Whom Heaven hath blest with opulence and health?
Where is the eye that "weeps with those who weep?"
Where the soft voice that lulls *Distress* to sleep?
Where the kind hand?—the sympathizing heart
To feel another's woe, and joy impart?—
Bounty is fled, and seeks her native sky,
And pitying tears forsake the human eye;
No strains to lull *Distress*—the soothing voice
Is drown'd in giddy Mirth's tumultuous noise;
Flinty those hearts that once with pity flow'd;
Clos'd now the hands that Christian alms bestow'd:
O Heaven! send Bounty back from where she's fled!
Let eyes relenting tears of pity shed!
Let the soft voice to sorrow comfort give!
The heart be melted, and the hand relieve!
Then will of wretches the most wretched own,
That Charity on earth hath fix'd her throne:
'Tis fix'd on earth—I feel her gentle sway,
And humbly at her shrine my homage pay.
Straight from thine altar, Charity, shall rise
The smoke of incense, and perfume the skies!
Incense of Gratitude, which fragrance yields,
Surpassing citron-groves or spicy fields;
Accept the offering which I bring to thee,
Thou fairest sister of the lovely three!
My needy hands no costly tribute hold;
No bright oblation of Peruvian gold;
Yet I present what thou wilt ne'er despise,
—A grateful heart, in willing sacrifice—
A grateful heart is all I have to give;
O Charity benign! that all receive!
Now on that scene reflect, my faithful muse,
Nor to the dead a sigh—a tear refuse—
To that sad scene Death's blacken'd pencil wrought,
My soul returns in melancholy thought.

Come, Contemplation, from thy much-lov'd shades,
Which scarce a ray of Summer's noon pervades!
Quit for awhile thy consecrated cave,
And pay with me a visit to the grave!
Come, solemn Night, in deepest sable clad!
Come, join the train, with Silence ever sad!
Come, sit with me beneath yon baneful yew,
And see my sorrows pass in slow review!
On "Joys departed, never to return,"
My soul depress'd shall meditate—and mourn;
First mourn "departed joys," and then review
My scenes of woe from yonder baneful yew.

Once my fond heart with secret rapture glow'd;
Once, like a stream, my bosom bliss o'erflow'd:
Nor thought my rapture like a fleeting dream,
Or my bliss transient as the flowing stream:
Delusive world! who on thy smiles presume,
Rear, unexpected, for their hopes a tomb—
Once prosperous suns around me lustre shed,
Now set these suns, and all their rays are fled;
What friends and friendship meant, of old, I knew;
How cold that friendship now! those friends how few!
As fickle flowers, beneath a vernal sky,
Bloom and are fragrant, but in winter die;
So, when in life, wealth's store our wishes meets,
Friendship shall flourish, and diffuse its sweets;
Let the scene shift, and Poverty ensue,
Friendship withdraws, and scarcely bids Adieu!

Once sacred Friendship, kindled into love,
Made all my hours with soft endearments move;
Heaven gave a wife—to me—to Heaven endear'd,
Who all my comforts and my sorrows shar'd;
But Heaven resum'd her to the world of bliss,
And left me lonely to lament in this.

Now to yon yew I turn my weary feet,
Where Silence, Night, and Contemplation meet;
With these companions, suited to my taste,
The grave I visit where her ashes rest;
Rest in firm hope to rise to life divine,
When earth and sea shall all their dead resign.

There I repose, and in calm sadness there
Pour on her dust a tributary tear;
Nor shall my soul, while there for her I weep,
Forget the children * fallen in death asleep:
Though first my tears a mother's grave bedew,
Yet I retain some tender drops for you.
These branches, blasted by the tainting breath
Of languid sickness, and relentless death,
How droop'd my heart! my fainting spirit said,
"Youths spring like flowers, and soon like flowers
they fade;"
But when the stock which those fair branches bore,
Wither'd and died, my hopes were then no more:
Yet calm reflection bids my hopes revive,
For truth asserts, "The tree cut down shall live," †
And all its branches, now decay'd and dead,
Again shall shoot, and with new verdure spread.
Haste, glorious morn! when from the fertile tomb,
These all shall rise, and bear eternal bloom:
And when yon yew shall lose its green, and die,
Ye shall re-flourish, evergreens on high.
When at your graves I shed the friendly tear,
How empty all terrestrial things appear!
Then would my soul with transport soar above,
To realms of life, light, liberty, and love.
Ye gay, who flutter in the brilliant ball,
Nor hear when Reason, and when Conscience, call!
Return'd from thence, some cemetery tread,
And wisdom learn among the silent dead!
Close by the graves where your lov'd relics rest,
Let my cold limbs by some kind hand be plac'd!
If, when my eyes are by Death's signet seal'd,
Some hand of Friendship will that kindness yield;
Peace to that friend who with my wish complies,
And peace attend his manes, whene'er he dies!

* Three of the Author's children lie buried near their mother.

† See Job xiv. 7, 8, &c.

See! Morn, awak'd, unfolds her purple eye,
And bids old Night these dreary regions fly!
The noisy world, from Morpheus' chains set loose,
Warns sober Silence to her still recluse;
The din confus'd of ever busy men,
Sends Contemplation to her cave again;
With them I leave the baneful yew and tomb,
And now the subject of *Distress* resume.

Say, from what curs'd, from what polluted spring,
Flow the sharp sorrows which I mournful sing?
Than follow these in all their devious course,
Sooner my feet might trace Nile's hidden source:
The secret motions of a restless soul,
What eye can search, what finite power control?
From the foul heart, where pride and malice dwell,
With every vice that bears the stamp of hell,
Corrupted actions, as by instinct, flow,
And make the world a seat of sin and woe:
But who suspects a treacherous deed from those
Whom the fair robes of sanctity enclose?
Prudence against an open foe may shield,
And caution guides us in the dangerous field:
With those who friendship's specious vizard wear,
Unarm'd we walk, because we nothing fear:
The dart that deepest to my bosom went,
Flew from the bow pretended friendship bent.

As some poor wretch, whose little crazy boat
By cruel hands is set in storms afloat,
And soon by boisterous winds and waves is tost
Far from the covert of a sheltering coast,
Sees the shore lessen, and the billows rise,
And watery ruin spread before his eyes;
While the base authors of his sudden woe
Stand on the beach, nor signs of pity show:
So in a painful, unexpected hour,
By holy cunning and religious power,
My feeble bark to sea was push'd, to meet
The waves that life's wide shore with fury beat;
And the same craft, the same opposing hand
That push'd it off, prevents its reaching land.

Strangers to want! of every good possest,
That makes mankind, or seems to make them, blest;
Whose golden stores the poor man's mites exceed,
Whose wealth abounds beyond a creature's need;
Whose purse commands the dainties of the West,
And silken vestments of the splendid East;
Whose tables smoke with every varied dish,
From high-sauc'd venison to the luscious fish;
Amidst the countless treasures of your hoard;
Amidst the plenty that regales your board;
Strangers to want! while with such affluence fraught,
Spare ye the poor a pittance, or a thought?
Strangers to want! can ye, presumptuous, say,
No clouds shall rise to overcast your day?
Time past hath prov'd how fleeting riches are,
Time future to this truth may witness bear;
By means no human wisdom can foresee,
Or power prevent, a sudden change may be;
War, in its route, may plunder all your store,
And leave you friendless, desolate, and poor;
Your spacious lands, possest by tenure fair,
Earthquakes may swallow, and thus bar the heir;
Your wealth, entrusted to the treacherous sea,
May sink, or fall to pirates' hands a prey;
Your all the flames may waste, or lawless men:
Strangers to want! shall ye be strangers then?
Since so precarious all you now enjoy,
A treasure seek which nothing can destroy!
Should earthquakes, flames, war, seas, and pirates spare,
Still there is one will strip the wealthy bare:
Death—King of Terrors, whose despotic sway
The mortal race reluctantly obey,
Distinction levels, when his bow he bends,
And all the noble with the ignoble blends;
With hand impartial strikes the fated blow,
And lays mankind in common ruin low:
Inspect the dust, o'er which the marble weeps;
Inspect the ashes, where the peasant sleeps;
And say, what difference in the putrid earth
That form'd the vulgar and the man of birth:

Hence let false pride instructive lessons learn,
And hence the folly of contempt discern.
One is our parent, and that parent good,
Whose numerous children claim an equal blood,
From India's savage and the Scythian wild,
To Europeans and the fondled child;
Though all from one original descend,
And all promiscuous to one exit tend;
Yet in their passage through life's chequer'd state,
What various scenes their various roads await!
With restless steps some honor's heights attain,
While others, humble, tread the lowly plain;
Some seek the vale, and dangerous summits shun;
In devious paths some stray and are undone.
Nor is their lot less different than their ways,
Some walk in gloomy, some in gilded days;
Their lot unequal, though their Parent good;
Perplexing truth! how little understood!
Unequal lot, as judges reason blind;
But just and equal in the eternal Mind;
Though Vice high honors and rewards may reap,
And Virtue sit disconsolate and weep;
Yet let not man, at random, hence conclude,
The heavenly Parent is not just or good;
But rest, with patience rest, in whate'er sphere
The will of Providence hath plac'd him here,
And patient wait, till God shall in the end
Unfold, what now man cannot comprehend.
Tho' Heaven, all-wise, hath mark'd me for *Distress*,
May Heaven, all-good, my fellow mortals bless!
May none thro' earth's wide peopled regions know
What ills from friendless poverty will flow!
What storms await prosperity's decline,
And what dread anguish dwells with woes like mine.
And may the children of my warmest prayer,
Heaven's daily favor and protection share!
Almighty Father! shield them with thine arm;
Their feet preserve from vanity and harm;
Their steps direct with ever-watchful eye,
And let thy bounty all their wants supply!

From sins, and snares, and sorrows keep them free,
And may their souls for succour fly to thee!
For them my heart in fond affection sighs,
And tears for them in secret cloud my eyes;
Their smiles of innocence with joy I view,
And hear their prattle with a pleasure new;
But when my fears anticipate their woes,
My heart no longer joy and pleasure knows;
O! may his hand, whose Providence is good,
Give for their bodies, raiment, rest, and food!
And to their souls impart his needful grace,
To do his will, and early seek his face!
In hopes of this my fainting spirits rise,
And bid farewell to all beneath the skies.

Will the cold grave afford a quiet rest,
To all who drop, by want and woe opprest?—
Hail! peaceful chamber, where the weary sleep;
Where slanderous tongues perpetual silence keep;
Where harass'd slaves shake off the galling chain,
And where *Distress* forgets her every pain;
Where tears no more descend from sorrow's eye;
Where the sad heart no longer vents a sigh.
Thou hallow'd refuge! still abode of peace!
Where dangers reach not, and where troubles cease,
Thy portals open, and admission give
The wretch, to whom 'tis misery to live!
Who deem thee cruel are to reason blind;
O! grant me shelter—and I'll call thee kind!

From themes distressful, seen and heard by few,
I pass to scenes that meet a kingdom's view;
Scenes where *Distress*, in awful shade, appears,
And asks the tribute of a flood of tears.

Could my muse, pinion'd, spread her wings and fly
From Albion's borders to the Western sky,
Beneath whose ample arch of structure strong,
The vast Atlantic rolls his waves along;
There would she seek *Distress*, with her deplore,
In cities, deserts, and the hostile shore;
Paint her sad cheeks, bedew'd with crystal tears;
Unveil her breast, distent with sickening fears

Present to view that sister of Despair,
Tortur'd with anguish, and of frantic air,
With hands close clapt, and loose her sanguine hair!

My muse, adventurous, takes her arduous flight,
And reaches safe fam'd Bunker's towering height;
Thence views with weeping eye, and heart-felt pain,
The ransack'd village, and the purpled plain;
From thence, dejected, sees the mangled dead,
Who for their country nobly fought and bled;
Thence hears the wounded hero's parting groan,
The mother's wailings, and the widow's moan;
From thence beholds *Distress*, in solemn mood,
Stalk o'er the slain, and tinge her feet with blood:
Around, the ghosts of slaughter'd patriots rise,
And call for vengeance to the dreary skies.
Far as the eye can reach, my mournful muse
The wandering footsteps of *Distress* pursues,
And sees her rush into the thicket wild,
(The dreadful haunt of Nature's fiercest child,)
Where the rough savage, train'd to blood and toil,
(Murder his trade, and all his treasure, spoil,)
In ambush lies, and whets the pointed steel,
Whose scalping edge, youth, age, and beauty feel:
So Fame reports—nor doubt her language now,
As pure from falsehood as a vestal's vow.

Near Penn's domain once dwelt a sober sage,
Grown venerably grey with grief and age;
The bridal partner of his younger years
Shar'd in his joys and kindly sooth'd his cares;
One was their wish, their daily prayer was one,
That Heaven, to seal their bliss, would give a son,
Whose growing strength might prove his parents' stay,
When theirs, through time, was sinking to decay:
At length, to recompense their mutual love,
Heaven gave the hope she should a mother prove;
The expected hour to crown their joy arrives;
When, lo! the mother dies—the child survives:
Thus in one moment (such the will of Heaven)
The wife is snatch'd away—a daughter given.

The father eyes the infant with delight;
Shields her by day, and wakes to shield by night;
She lives the object of his fondest care;
Her health and safety his attention share;
His lips instruction to her mind impart,
And fix sage lessons on her ductile heart:
With pious joy her reverend sire she hears,
Imbibes his wisdom, and his truths reveres;
Treads in his steps with circumspective care;
His precepts learns with love and filial fear.
Revolving years her lovely charms disclose,
Pure as the snow, and blushing as the rose;
Her growing beauties spread a lustre far;
Mild as the radiance of the evening star:
Palemon saw the lustre of her eye,
And modest cheek of roseate damask dye;
He saw—and sudden felt love's pleasing smart
Thrill through his breast, and centre in his heart;
A kindred flame her tender bosom warms,
And adds new beauty to her maiden charms;
The youth profess'd a passion for this fair,
Pure as the thoughts of Heaven's archangels are,
And she for him a mutual love profest:
They wed—and by her father both are blest.
Their nuptial state with joys supreme are crown'd,
Such as the innocent in Eden found;
The sun unclouded gilds each happy day,
And Life's clear stream unruffled glides away;
No storms disturb the silence of their nights,
And morn awakes them to renew'd delights;
Heaven on their labors with indulgence smiles,
And sweet discourse their evening hours beguiles;
T' enlarge the measure of their worldly joy,
Heaven crown'd their wish by giving them a boy.
In this calm scene of pleasure and repose,
This favor'd pair nor guilt, nor danger knows!
Secure, in hope, their moments softly past,
And each new day was brighter than the last.
As gathering clouds obscure the clearest skies,
And sudden waves in calmest seas arise;

So in one fatal hour, a blast destroys
The fragrant bloom of her domestic joys.
Dark was the night, and scarce a trembling breeze
Was heard to whisper thro' the neighbouring trees,
When to Sleep's arms the household was withdrawn,
To rest in safety till the morrow's dawn;
The morrow dawns and blushes at the sight
Of bloody scenes that shun detecting light:
Urg'd by a nameless thirst for human prey,
A savage band approach'd where Beauty lay;
Where Innocence, and Youth, and age reclin'd
In sleep, refreshing as the southern wind.
Palemon first a harmless victim fell
To Rage, relentless as the Prince of Hell,
The sire, though bending with a load of years,
To save his daughter every danger dares;
With wrath paternal to the assassins flew,
And at one blow a swarthy murderer slew,
By some rough hand this ancient hero dies—
The trembling mother for her husband sighs;
Sighs and entreats to spare her infant's life,
Her sighs they hear, and spare him—with the knife—
The tender parent, frantic with despair,
To meet Death's arrow lays her bosom bare;
Death—how unkind! refus'd to bend his bow,
And life prolong'd for scenes of future woe.
Pleas'd with the charms of beauty, drench'd in tears,
The savage tribe to gloomy deserts bears
The weeping mother, void of all defence,
Save what she hop'd from Heaven and innocence:
Now thoughts distressful agitate her breast,
And from her eye-lids steal their wonted rest:
The lovely captive held in bondage dire,
Weeps for herself—her infant—husband—sire;
Weeps—and no eye to shed a social tear;
No friend to soothe her sorrows, or to share,
Amidst the scene of misery and awe
(Too sad and complex for my muse to draw)
She boldly braves, by solitary flight,
Danger in deserts, and the gloom of night,

Thro' woods and swamps, unprest by human feet,
She seeks from savages a wild retreat;
With heedless steps she traverses the glade,
And finds, at length, the covert of a shade!
There droops and sleeps, forgetful of her pain;
The sun revives her—and she sighs again
Fatigu'd with wanderings, and depress'd with care,
Deaths all around her, and no succour near;
With hunger faint; to slake her thirst no stream;
And Hope, once shining, left her now no gleam;
She sinks beneath the burden of her grief,
And prays for death to minister relief.
At once she faints, and lifts to Heaven her eyes,
Leans on the bosom of *Distress*—and dies.

From those bleak hills, where bloody fountains spring,
My roving muse returns with wearied wing
To visit happier climes—climes happier made
By sweet vicissitudes of heat and shade;
By wholesome laws, and by a clement throne
That hears with pity every prisoner's moan;
By watery walls, which Heaven decreed should flow
To give protection from each foreign foe;
Yet these blest climes, tho' safe from Gallia's host,
From sudden dangers no exemption boast.
As in some green, plain, smooth, and fair to sight,
Rubs check the bowl at hand directed right,
Divert its bias, or impede its force,
And leave it distant from its destin'd course:
So on life's green unnumber'd rubs arise,
And least expected always most surprise:
Thus safe at anchor lay old Ocean's * pride,
And rode triumphant on the lordly tide:
No danger seen; no wave to wake a fear;
No danger seen, and yet was ruin near;

* The Royal George first rate ship of 100 guns, overset and sunk at anchor at Spithead, on August 29, 1782, having then on board 780 persons, of whom 495 were lost.

Mirth such as ne'er a home-bred landman charm'd,
Glow'd in each heart, and every bosom warm'd;
The boatswain's whistle thro' the ship was heard!
The caulkers labor'd, and the sailors cheer'd;
No dangers seen; no fear to raise a sigh;
No danger fear'd; and yet was ruin nigh!
Heel'd on her side the stately fabric lay,
And wide her broad flag wav'd in proud display;
When (weep, my muse! at her disaster weep!)
A sudden gust consigns her to the deep:
Then with her sunk the hardy tars and brave,
From life and service, to a fluid grave;
With them descended Valor's fav'rite son,*
Who fought her battles, and her laurels won.
Distressful scene! what piteous moans arise!
Spread through the decks, and echo to the skies;
The childless mother heard the tale with woe;
Tears from the father, childless, secret flow!
The widow wails her husband sunk in death,
Kisses her children, and resigns her breath.

Distress! associate of all human kind!
In calms we meet thee; meet thee in the wind;
From thy assaults no garrison can shield;
To thy domain must every mortal yield;
Thou visit'st where the splendid monarch reigns,
And haunt'st the cottager on lonely plains;
No breast so sacred but thy power invades,
And each frail creature through thy river wades.
Where from thy arm for refuge shall we fly?
—To Earth's cold bosom, and yon friendly sky—
There no *Distress* the body can annoy,
And there the soul exults in endless joy.

If thus *Distress* pursues the human race,
And me pursues with unremitting pace;
Then—

Farewell, ye sublunary scenes and gay!
Where the old trifle, and where children play;

* Rear-Admiral Kempenfeldt.

Where youths fantastic wave the magic dance,
And to the grave with heedless steps advance;
Where busy crowds, like insects, swarm and die;
And Pleasure's sons pursue a painted fly!
Farewell, ye sublunary scenes and sage!
Where the grave sophist turns the midnight page;
With close attention into nature pries,
Reads till he's lost, and thinks he grows more wise;
Where the deep Magi of our learned day
In fancy tread the cometary way;
Where Locke's disciples spin the logic thread!
Where Galen's pupils from the Grecian dead,
Like bees industrious, gather healing skill,
And thence prescribe the salutary pill;
Where studious minds from Coke instruction draw,
And learn to trace the labyrinths of law;
Where priests sedate, to heap polemic lore,
Turn dusty volumes of the fathers o'er.
Farewell, ye sublunary scenes and dull!
Made more insipid by the prating fool;
Where fluttering fops at Wisdom's lectures hiss;
Where at Wit's target coxcombs aim and miss;
Where self-conceit o'er modesty prevails,
And cloys society with senseless tales:
Where misers waste their years in heaping store,
Toil to be rich, and yet are always poor;
Where sordid Epicures, of boasted taste,
Pamper themselves to give the worms a feast.
Farewell, ye sublunary scenes and sad!
Hung round with 'scutcheons, and in mourning clad;
Where cruel War and ghastly Famine rage;
And sudden sweep Life's temporary stage;
Where pale Disease destructive power assumes,
And fills the world with hospitals and tombs;
Where pains the body rack, the limbs distort,
And fix their arrows in the sicken'd heart;
Where poignant Grief o'erwhelms the human mind,
Robs it of reason, and distracts mankind;
Where Hope by Disappointment's dagger bleeds,
And Woe to Woe with speedy step succeeds;

Where Poverty stalks forth in all her gloom,
And leads her children pensive to the tomb;
Where *Death*, the monarch of this tragic scene,
With rage insatiate, and with poniard keen,
Spreads ruin wide—and when the tyrant calls,
The drama closes, and the curtain falls.

Once more, ye sublunary scenes, farewell!
I'm warn'd to quit you by each solemn knell:
Dull world, and sage! of thee I take my leave;
Form'd to distress, disquiet, and bereave:
Let others fawn, and pay their court to thee;
Thou hast no friendship, and no charms for Me!
Gay world to some—to me sad world, adieu!
Till the last day shall break with glories new.

THE HERMIT.

By DR. PARNELL.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew,
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well,
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd Heaven itself, till one suggestion rose---
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey;
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow;
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift rushing circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun:
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books or swains report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew,)
He quits his cell: the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before,
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass:

But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair;
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried;
And "Hail, my son!" the reverend sire replied:
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There, by the moon, thro' ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass,
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home;
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the liveried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Uprise the guests, obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go:
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seem'd the sire, when far upon the road
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask, to part:
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat:
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.
As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest:)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort with meagre wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such (within himself he cried)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?

But what new marks of wonder soon take place
In every setting feature of his face,
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup the generous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.
While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear;
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.
Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lie;
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great,
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise but virtue kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:
"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed;
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.
At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose;

Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck; the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and died.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done!
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
Confus'd and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies; but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads; a servant showed the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before:
Long arms of oak an open bridge supplied, [glide.
And deep the waves beneath the bending branches
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide and thrust him in:
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head:
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes;
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch!"---But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet:
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odors breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display,
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.
Though loud at first the Pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke:)
"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:

These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky—
Nay, cease to kneel!—thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the truth of government Divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

"The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends;
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high;
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

"What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just;
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

"The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine;
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

"The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in pity to the wandering poor,
With him I left the cup to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.

To all but thee in fits he seem'd to go;
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
"But how had all his fortunes felt a wreck,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew;
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha, when to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky:
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.
The bending Hermit here a prayer begun:
Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done.
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

THE FIRE-SIDE.

COTTON.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In Folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heart-felt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat the ark;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise:
We'll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys, they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then how little do we need!
For nature's calls are few:
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish, with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleas'd with favors given;
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part;
This is that incense of the heart
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
But when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes
The relics of our store.

Thus, hand in hand, through life we'll go;
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While Conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smoothe the bed of death.

THE PASSIONS.

COLLINS.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for Madness rul'd the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures, wan Despair,
Low sullen sounds, his grief beguil'd;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose,
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And tho' sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien;
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.
With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Thro' glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,

Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an aspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-ey'd queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial.
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd,
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round;
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
Why, Goddess, why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard.

Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording sister's page---
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Ev'n all at once together found
Cæcilia's mingled world of sound---
O, bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece,
Return in all thy simple state,
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

DESPONDENCY.

BURNS.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I sit me down and sigh:
O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!
Dim-backward as I cast my view,
What sickening scenes appear!
What sorrows yet may pierce me through,
Too justly I may fear!
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom;
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb!

Happy! ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard!
Ev'n when the wished end's denied,
Yet, while the busy means are plied,
They bring their own reward:
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an aim,
Meet every sad returning night
And joyless morn the same.
You, bustling and justling,
Forget each grief and pain;
I, listless yet restless,
Find every prospect vain.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well!
Or haply to his evening thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint-collected dream:
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to Heaven on high,
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely Hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd,
Less fit to play the part,
The lucky moment to improve,
And just to stop, and just to move,
With self-respecting art:
But, ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
Which I too keenly taste,
The Solitary can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest!

He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate;
Whilst I here, must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate!

Oh! enviable early days,
When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze,
To Care, to Guilt unknown!
How ill exchang'd for riper times,
To feel the follies or the crimes
Of others, or my own!
Ye tiny elves, that guiltless sport
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish!
The losses, the crosses,
That active man engage,
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim declining age!

ON SLAVERY.

COWPER.

BUT, ah! what wish can prosper, or what prayer
For merchants rich in cargoes of despair,
Who drive a loathsome traffic, gage and span,
And buy the muscles and the bones of man?
The tender ties of father, husband, friend,
All bonds of nature, in that moment end;
And each endures, while yet he draws his breath,
A stroke as fatal as the scythe of death.
The sable warrior, frantic with regret
Of her he loves, and never can forget,
Loses in tears the far-receding shore,
But not the thought that they must meet no more:

Depriv'd of her and freedom at a blow,
What has he left that he can yet forego?
Yes, to deep sadness sullenly resign'd,
He feels his body's bondage in his mind;
Puts off his generous nature; and, to suit
His manners with his fate, puts on the brute.
Oh most degrading of all ills that wait
On man, a mourner in his best estate!
All other sorrows virtue may endure,
And find submission more than half a cure;
Grief is itself a med'cine, and bestow'd
T' improve the fortitude that bears a load;
To teach the wanderer, as his woes increase,
The path of wisdom, all whose paths are peace.
But slavery!—virtue dreads it as her grave;
Patience itself is meanness in a slave:
Or if the will and sovereignty of God
Bid suffer it awhile, and kiss the rod;
Wait for the dawning of a brighter day,
And snap the chain the moment when you may.
Nature imprints upon whate'er we see,
That has a heart and life in it, Be free!
The beasts are charter'd,—neither age nor force
Can quell the love of freedom in a horse:
He breaks the cord that held him at the rack,
And, conscious of an unincumber'd back,
Snuffs up the morning air, forgets the rein,
Loose fly his forelock and his ample mane;
Responsive to the distant neigh he neighs,
Nor stops till, overleaping all delays,
He finds the pasture where his fellows graze.

POWER OF

THE SUPREME BEING.

SMART.

"TREMBLE, thou Earth!" th' anointed poet said!
"At God's bright presence; tremble, all ye mountains!
"And all ye hillocks on the surface bound!"
Then once again, ye glorious thunders, roll!
The Muse with transport hears ye; once again
Convulse the solid continent! and shake,
Grand music of Omnipotence, the isles!
'Tis thy terrific voice; all nature hears it,
Awaken'd and alarm'd; she feels its force;
In every spring she feels it, every wheel,
And every movement of her vast machine.
Behold! quakes Apennine; behold! recoils
Athos: and all the hoary-headed Alps
Leap from their bases at the godlike sound.
But what is this, celestial though the note,
And proclamation of the reign supreme,
Compar'd with such as, for a mortal ear
Too great, amaze the incorporeal worlds?
Should Ocean to his congregated waves
Call in each river, cataract, and lake,
And with the watery world down a huge rock
Fall headlong in one horrible cascade,
'Twere but the echo of the parting breeze,
When zephyr faints upon the lily's breast;
'Twere but the ceasing of some instrument,
When the last lingering undulation
Dies on the doubting ear, if nam'd with sounds
So mighty! so stupendous! so divine!

But not alone in the aërial vault
Does He the dread theocracy maintain;
For oft, enrag'd with his intestine thunders,
He harrows up the bowels of the earth,
And shocks the central magnet—Cities then
Totter on their foundations, stately columns,
Magnific walls, and heaven-assaulting spires.
What though in haughty eminence erect
Stands the strong citadel, and frowns defiance
On adverse hosts; though many a bastion jut
Forth from the rampart's elevated mound;
Vain the poor providence of human art,
And mortal strength how vain! while underneath
Triumphs his mining vengeance in th' uproar
Of shatter'd towers, riven rocks, and mountains,
With clamor inconceivable uptorn,
And hurl'd down th' abyss. Sulphureous pyrites
Bursting abrupt from darkness into day,
With din outrageous and destructive ire,
Augment the hideous tumult, while it wounds
Th' afflictive ear, and terrifies the eye,
And rends the heart in twain. Twice have we felt,
Within Augusta's walls twice have we felt,
Thy threaten'd indignation: but even Thou,
Incens'd Omnipotent, art gracious ever;
Thy goodness infinite but mildly warn'd us,
With mercy blended wrath; O spare us still,
Nor send more dire conviction! We confess
That thou art He, th' Almighty: we believe,
For at thy righteous power whole systems quake;
For at thy nod tremble ten thousand worlds.
Hark! on the winged whirlwind's rapid rage,
Which is and is not in a moment—hark!
On the hurricane's tempestuous sweep he rides
Invincible, and oaks, and pines and cedars,
And forests are no more. For, conflict dreadful!
The West encounters East, and Notus meets
In his career the Hyperborean blast.
The lordly lions shuddering seek their dens,
And fly like timorous deer; the king of birds,

Who dar'd the solar ray, is weak of wing,
And faints, and falls, and dies;—while He supreme
Stands steadfast in the centre of the storm.
Wherefore, ye objects terrible and great,
Ye thunders, earthquakes, and ye fire-fraught wombs
Of fell volcanos, whirlwinds, hurricanes,
And boiling billows, hail! in chorus join
To celebrate and magnify your Maker,
Who yet in works of a minuter mould
Is not less manifest, is not less mighty.
Survey the magnet's sympathetic love,
That woos the yielding needle; contemplate
Th' attractive amber's power, invisible
Ev'n to the mental eye; or when the blow
Sent from th' electric sphere assaults thy frame,
Show me the hand that dealt it!—Baffled here
By his Omnipotence, Philosophy
Slowly her thoughts inadequate revolves,
And stands with all his circling wonders round her,
Like heavy Saturn in th' ethereal space
Begirt with an inexplicable ring.
If such the operations of his power,
Which at all seasons and in every place
(Rul'd by establish'd laws and current nature)
Arrest th' attention; who, oh who shall tell
His acts miraculous? when his own decrees
Repeals he, or suspends; when by the hand
Of Moses or of Joshua, or the mouths
Of his prophetic seers, such deeds he wrought,
Before th' astonish'd sun's all-seeing eye,
That faith was scarce a virtue. Need I sing
The fate of Pharaoh and his numerous band
Lost in the reflux of the watery walls,
That melted to their fluid state again?
Need I recount how Samson's warlike arm
With more than mortal nerves was strung, t' o'erthrow
Idolatrous Philistia? Shall I tell
How David triumph'd, and what Job sustain'd?
—But, O supreme, unutterable mercy!
O love unequall'd, mystery immense,

Which angels long t' unfold! 'tis man's redemption
That crowns thy glory, and thy power confirms;
Confirms the great, th' uncontroverted claim,
When from the Virgin's unpolluted womb
Shone forth the Sun of Righteousness reveal'd,
And on benighted reason pour'd the day;
"Let there be peace!" he said, and all was calm
Amongst the warring world—calm as the sea
When, "O be still, ye boisterous winds!" he cried,
And not a breath was blown, nor murmur heard.
His was a life of miracles and might,
And charity and love, ere yet he taste
The bitter draught of death, ere yet he rise
Victorious o'er the universal foe,
And death, and sin, and hell in triumph lead.
His by the right of conquest is mankind,
And in sweet servitude and golden bonds
Were tied to him for ever.—O how easy
Is his ungalling yoke, and all his burdens
'Tis ecstasy to bear! Him, blessed Shepherd!
His flocks shall follow through the maze of life,
And shades that tend to day-spring from on high;
And as the radiant roses, after fading,
In fuller foliage and more fragrant breath
Revive in smiling spring, so shall it fare
With those that love him—for sweet is their savor,
And all Eternity shall be their spring.
Then shall the gates and everlasting doors,
At which the King of Glory enters in,
Be to the saints unbarr'd: and there, where pleasure
Boasts an undying bloom, where dubious hope
Is certainty, and grief-attended love
Is freed from passion—there we'll celebrate,
With worthier numbers, Him who is, and was,
And, in immortal prowess King of kings,
Shall be the monarch of all worlds for ever.

HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

THOMSON.

HAIL, mildly pleasing Solitude,
Companion of the wise and good;
But from whose holy piercing eye,
The herd of fools and villains fly.
Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.
A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.
Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky.
A shepherd next you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain.
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face:
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Hartford's bloom,
As, with her Musidora, she
(Her Musidora fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rivall'd nightingale.
Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born;
And while meridian fervors beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat;
But chief, when evening scenes decay,
And the faint landscape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.
Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage and swain;

Plain innocence in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head:
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine:
About thee sports sweet liberty;
And wrapt Urania sings to thee.
Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell,
And in thy deep recesses dwell.
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes
Where London's spiry turrets rise;
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then shield me in the woods again.

HYMN TO DARKNESS.

YALDEN.

DARKNESS, thou first great parent of us all,
Thou art our great original;
Since from thy universal womb [come.
Does all thou shad'st below, thy numerous offspring

Thy wondrous birth is even to Time unknown,
Or, like Eternity, thou'dst none;
Whilst Light did its first being owe
Unto that awful shade it dares to rival now.

Say, in what distant region dost thou dwell,
To Reason inaccessible?
From form and duller matter free,
Thou soar'st above the reach of man's philosophy.

Involv'd in thee, we first receive our breath,
Thou art our refuge too in death:
Great Monarch of the grave and womb,
Where'er our souls shall go, to thee our bodies come.

The silent globe is struck with awful fear,
When thy majestic shades appear:
Thou dost compose the air and sea,
And Earth a sabbath keeps, sacred to rest and thee.

In thy serener shades our ghosts delight,
And court the umbrage of the night;
In vaults and gloomy caves they stray,
But fly the morning beams, and sicken at the day.

Though solid bodies dare exclude the light,
Nor will the brightest ray admit;
No substance can thy force repel, [dwell.
Thou reign'st in depths below, dost in the centre

The sparkling gems, and ore in mines below,
To thee their beauteous lustre owe;
Tho' form'd within the womb of night, [light.
Bright as their sire they shine, with native rays of

When thou dost raise thy venerable head,
And art in genuine night array'd,
Thy negro beauties then delight; [bright.
Beauties like polish'd jet, with their own darkness

Thou dost thy smiles impartially bestow,
And know'st no difference here below;
All things appear the same by thee,
Tho' light distinction makes, thou giv'st equality.

Thou, Darkness, art the lover's kind retreat,
And dost the nuptial joys complete;
Thou dost inspire them with thy shade, [maid.
Giv'st vigor to the youth, and warm'st the yielding

Calm as the bless'd above the Anchorites dwell
Within their peaceful gloomy cell;
Their minds with heavenly joys are fill'd;
The pleasures Light deny, thy shades for ever yield.

In caves of night, the oracles of old
Did all their mysteries unfold:
Darkness did first Religion grace,
Gave terrors to the God, and reverence to the place.

When the Almighty did on Horeb stand,
Thy shades enclos'd the hallow'd land;
In clouds of night he was array'd,
And venerable darkness his pavilion made.

When he appear'd arm'd in his power and might,
He veil'd the beatific light;
When terrible with majesty,
In tempests he gave laws, and clad himself in thee.

Ere the foundation of the earth was laid,
Or brighter firmament was made;
Ere matter, time, or place was known,
Thou, Monarch Darkness, sway'dst these spacious realms alone.

But now the moon (though gay with borrow'd light)
Invades thy scanty lot of Night:
By rebel subjects thou'rt betray'd,
The anarchy of stars depose their monarch, Shade.

Yet fading Light its empire must resign,
And Nature's power submit to thine:
And universal ruin shall erect thy throne,
And Fate confirm thy kingdom evermore thy own.

ODE TO TIME,

Occasioned by seeing the Ruins of an old Castle.

OGILVIE.

O THOU who, mid the world-involving gloom,
Sit'st on yon solitary spire!
Or slowly shak'st the sounding dome,
Or hear'st the wildly warbling lyre;
Say, when thy musing soul
Bids distant times unroll,
And marks the flight of each revolving year,
Of years whose slow-consuming power
Has clad with moss you leaning tower,

That saw the race of Glory run,
That mark'd Ambition's setting sun,
That shook old Empire's towering pride,
That swept them down the floating tide—
Say, when these long-unfolding scenes appear,
Streams down thy hoary cheek the pity-darting tear?

I. 2.

Cast o'er yon trackless waste thy wandering eye:
Yon hill, whose gold-illumin'd brow,
Just trembling through the bending sky,
O'erlooks the boundless wild below;
Once bore the branching wood
That o'er yon murmuring flood
Hung wildly waving to the rustling gale;
The naked heath with moss o'ergrown,
That hears the lone owl's nightly moan,
Once bloom'd with summer's copious store,
Once rais'd the lawn-bespangling flower;
Or heard some lover's plaintive lay,
When by pale Cynthia's silver ray
All wild he wander'd o'er the lonely dale,
And taught the listening moon the melancholy tale.

I. 3.

Ye wilds where heaven-wrapt Fancy roves!
Ye sky-crown'd hills, and solemn groves!
Ye low-brow'd vaults, ye gloomy cells!
Ye caves where night-bred Silence dwells!
Ghosts that in yon lonely hall
Lightly glance along the wall;
Or beneath yon ivy'd tower,
At the silent midnight hour,
Stand array'd in spotless white,
And stain the dusky robe of Night;
Or with slow solemn pauses roam
O'er the long-sounding hollow dome!
Say, mid yon desert solitary round,
When darkness wraps the boundless spheres,
Does ne'er some dismal dying sound
On Night's dull serious ear rebound, [years
That mourns the ceaseless lapse of life-consumin;

II. 1.

O call the inspiring glorious hour to view,
When Caledonia's martial train
From yon steep rock's high-arching brow
Pour'd on the heart-struck flying Dane!
When War's blood-tinctur'd spear
Hung o'er the trembling rear;
When light-heel'd Terror wing'd their headlong flight:
Yon towers then wrung with wild alarms!
Yon desert gleam'd with shining arms!
While on the bleak hill's brightening spire
Bold Victory flam'd, with eyes of fire;
Her limbs celestial robes infold,
Her wings were ting'd with spangling gold,
She spoke—her words infus'd resistless might,
And warm'd the bounding heart, and rous'd the soul
of fight.

II. 2.

But, ah! what hand the smiling prospect brings?
What voice recalls the expiring day?
See, darting swift on eagle-wings,
The glancing moment bursts away!
So from some mountain's head,
In mantling gold array'd,
While bright-ey'd Fancy stands in sweet surprise:
The vale where musing Quiet treads,
The flower-clad lawns, and bloomy meads,
Or streams where zephyr loves to stray
Beneath the pale eve's twinkling ray;
Or waving woods detain the sight—
When from the gloomy cave of night
Some clouds sweep shadowy o'er the dusky skies,
And wraps the flying scene, that fades, and swims,
and dies.

II. 3.

Lo! rising from yon dreary tomb,
What spectres stalk across the gloom!

With haggard eyes, and visage pale,
And voice that moans with feeble wail!
O'er yon long resounding plain
Slowly moves the solemn train;
Wailing wild with shrieks of woe
O'er the bones that rest below!
While the dull night's startled ear
Shrinks, aghast with thrilling fear!
Or stand with thin robes wasting soon,
And eyes that blast the sickening moon!
Yet these, ere Time had roll'd their years away,
Ere Death's fell arm had mark'd its aim;
Rul'd yon proud towers with ample sway,
Beheld the trembling swains obey:
And wrought the glorious deed that swell'd the trump
of Fame.

III. 1.

But why o'er these indulge the bursting sigh?
Feels not each shrub the tempest's power?
Rocks not the dome when whirlwinds fly?
Nor shakes the hill when thunders roar?
Lo! mouldering, wild, unknown,
What fanes, what towers o'erthrown,
What tumbling chaos marks the waste of Time!
I see Palmyra's temples fall;
Old Ruin shakes the hanging wall!
Yon waste where roaming lions howl,
Yon aisle where moans the grey-ey'd owl,
Shows the proud Persian's great abode;*
Where scepter'd once, an earthly god!
His power-clad arm controll'd each happier clime,
Where sports the warbling Muse, and Fancy soars
sublime.

III. 2.

Hark! what dire sound rolls murm'ring on the gale?
Ah! what soul-thrilling scene appears?
I see the column'd arches fail!
And structures hoar, the boast of years!

* Persepolis.

What mouldering piles decay'd
Gleam through the moon-streak'd shade,
Where Rome's proud Genius rear'd her awful brow!
Sad monument!—Ambition near
Rolls on the dust, and pours a tear;
Pale Honor drops the fluttering plume,
And Conquest weeps o'er Cæsar's tomb;
Slow Patience sits with eye deprest,
And Courage beats his sobbing breasts;
Ev'n War's red cheek the gushing streams o'erflow,
And Fancy's listening ear attends the plaint of Woe.

III. 3.

Lo, on yon pyramid sublime,
Whence lies Old Egypt's desert clime,
Bleak, naked, wild! where ruin lowers,
Mid fanes, and wrecks, and tumbling towers:
On the steep height waste and bare,
Stands the power with hoary hair!
O'er his scythe he bends; his hand
Slowly shakes the flowing sand,
While the hours, in airy ring,
Lightly flit with downy wing,
And sap the works of man; and shade
With silver'd locks his furrow'd head;
Thence rolls the mighty power his broad survey,
And seals the nations' awful doom:
He sees proud Grandeur's meteor-ray;
He yields to Joy the festive day;
Then sweeps the lengthening shade, and marks them
for the tomb.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

A SEATONIAN PRIZE-POEM.

By DR. GLYNN.

THY Justice, heavenly King! and that great day,
When Virtue, long abandon'd and forlorn,
Shall raise her pensive head; and Vice, that erst
Rang'd unreprov'd and free, shall sink appall'd;
I sing advent'rous—But what eye can pierce
The vast immeasurable realms of space,
O'er which Messiah drives his flaming car
To that bright region, where enthron'd he sits,
First-born of Heav'n, to judge assembled worlds,
Cloth'd in celestial radiance? Can the Muse,
Her feeble wing all damp with earthly dew,
Soar to that bright empyreal, where around
Myriads of angels, God's perpetual choir,
Hymn hallelujahs, and in concert loud
Chant songs of triumph to their Maker's praise?—
Yet will I strive to sing, albeit unus'd
To tread poetic soil. What though the wiles
Of Fancy me enchanted, ne'er could lure
To rove o'er fairy lands; to swim the streams
That through her vallies wave their mazy way;
Or climb her mountain tops; yet will I raise
My feeble voice to tell what harmony
(Sweet as the music of the rolling spheres)
Attunes the moral world: that Virtue still
May hope her promis'd crown; that Vice may dread
Vengeance, tho' late; that reas'ning Pride may own
Just, though unsearchable, the ways of Heaven.

Sceptic! whoe'er thou art, who say'st the soul,
That divine particle, which God's own breath
Inspir'd into the mortal mass, shall rest
Annihilate, till Duration has unroll'd
Her never-ending line; tell, if thou know'st,
Why every nation, every clime, though all
In laws, in rites, in manners disagree,
With one consent expect another world,
Where wickedness shall weep? Why Paynim bards
Fabled Elysian plains, Tartarean lakes,
Styx and Cocytus? Tell, why Hali's sons
Have feign'd a paradise of mirth and love,
Banquets, and blooming nymphs? Or rather tell,
Why, on the brink of Orellana's stream,
Where never Science rear'd her sacred torch,
Th' untutor'd Indian dreams of happier worlds
Behind the cloud-topt hill? Why in each breast
Is plac'd a friendly monitor, that prompts,
Informs, directs, encourages, forbids?
Tell, why on unknown evil grief attends,
Or joy on secret good? Why conscience acts
With tenfold force, when sickness, age, or pain
Stands tott'ring on the precipice of death?
Or why such horror gnaws the guilty soul
Of dying sinners, while the good man sleeps
Peaceful and calm, and with a smile expires?
Look round the world! with what a partial hand
The scale of bliss and mis'ry is sustain'd!
Beneath the shade of cold obscurity
Pale Virtue lies; no arm supports her head,
No friendly voice speaks comfort to her soul,
Nor soft-eyed Pity drops a melting tear;
But, in their stead, Contempt and rude Disdain
Insult the banish'd wanderer: on she goes,
Neglected and forlorn: Disease and Cold,
And Famine, worst of ills, her steps attend!
Yet patient, and to Heaven's just will resign'd,
She ne'er is seen to weep, or heard to sigh.
Now turn your eyes to yon sweet-smelling bow'r,

Where, flush'd with all the insolence of wealth,
Sits pamper'd Vice! for him th' Arabian gale
Breathes forth delicious odors; Gallia's hills
For him pour nectar from the purple vine.
Nor think for these he pays the tribute due
To Heav'n: of Heav'n he never names the name,
Save when with imprecations dark and dire
He points his jest obscene. Yet buxom Health
Sits on his rosy cheek; yet Honor gilds
His high exploits; and downy-pinion'd Sleep
Sheds a soft opiate o'er his peaceful couch.
Seest thou this, righteous Father! seest thou this,
And wilt thou ne'er repay? Shall good and ill
Be carried undistinguish'd to the land
Where all things are forgot?—Ah, no! the day
Will come, when Virtue from the cloud shall burst,
That long obscur'd her beams; when Sin shall fly
Back to the native Hell; there sink eclips'd
In penal darkness; where nor star shall rise,
Nor ever sunshine pierce th' impervious gloom.
On that great day the solemn trump shall sound,
(That trump which once in heav'n, on man's revolt
Convok'd th' astonish'd seraphs) at whose voice
Th' unpeopled graves shall pour forth all their dead.
Then shall th' assembled nations of the earth
From ev'ry quarter, at the judgment-seat
Unite; Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks,
Parthians; and they who dwelt on Tyber's banks,
Names fam'd of old: or who of later age,
Chinese and Russian, Mexican and Turk,
Tenant the wild terrene; and they who pitch
Their tents on Niger's banks; or, where the sun
Pours on Golconda's spires his early light,
Drink Ganges' sacred stream. At once shall rise,
Whom distant ages to each other's sight
Had long denied: before the throne shall kneel
Some great Progenitor, while at his side
Stand his descendants through a thousand lines.
Whate'er their nation, and whate'er their rank,

Heroes and patriarchs, slaves and sceptred kings,
With equal eye the God of all shall see,
And judge with equal love. What tho' the great
With costly pomp and aromatic sweets
Embalm'd his poor remains; or through the dome
A thousand tapers shed their gloomy light,
While solemn organs to his parting soul
Chanted slow orisons? Say, by what mark
Dost thou discern him from that lowly swain
Whose mouldering bones beneath the thorn-bound turf
Long lay neglected? All at once shall rise,
But not to equal glory; for, alas!
With howlings dire, and execrations loud,
Some wail their fatal birth.---First among these
Behold the mighty murd'rers of mankind:
They who in sport whole kingdoms slew; or they
Who to the tott'ring pinnacle of power
Waded through seas of blood! How will they curse
The madness of ambition! how lament
Their dear bought laurels; when the widow'd wife
And childless mother at the judgment seat
Plead trumpet-tongued against them!---Here are they
Who sunk an aged father to the grave;
Or with unkindness hard, and cold disdain,
Slighted a brother's suff'rings.---Here are they
Whom fraud and skilful treachery long secur'd;
Who from the infant virgin tore her dow'r,
And ate the orphan's bread; who spent their stores
In selfish luxury; or o'er their gold
Prostrate and pale ador'd the useless heap.
Here too who stain'd the chaste connubial bed!---
Who mix'd the pois'nous bowl;---or broke the ties
Of hospitable friendship;---and the wretch
Whose listless soul, sick with the cares of life,
Unsummon'd, to the presence of his God
Rush'd in with insult rude. How would they joy
Once more to visit earth, and, though oppress'd
With all that pain and famine can inflict,
Pant up the hill of life? Vain wish! the Judge

Pronounces doom eternal on their heads,
Perpetual punishment. Seek not to know
What punishment! for that th' Almighty will
Has hid from mortal eyes: and shall vain man
With curious search refin'd presume to pry
Into thy secrets, Father? No! let him
With humble patience all thy works adore,
And walk in all thy paths; so shall his meed
Be great in heav'n, so haply shall he 'scape
Th' immortal worm and never-ceasing fire.
But who are they, who bound in tenfold chains
Stand horribly aghast? This is that crew
Who strove to pull Jehovah from his throne,
And in the place of heaven's eternal King
Set up the phantom Chance. For them in vain
Alternate seasons cheer'd the rolling year;
In vain the sun o'er herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r
Shed genial influence mild; and the pale moon
Repair'd her waning orb.---Next these is plac'd
The vile blasphemer; he whose impious wit
Profan'd the sacred mysteries of faith,
And 'gainst th' impenetrable walls of heav'n
Planted his feeble battery. By these stands
The Arch-Apostate: he with many a wile
Exhorts them still to foul revolt. Alas!
No hope have they from black despair, no ray
Shines thro' the gloom to cheer their sinking souls:
In agonies of grief they curse the hour
When first they left Religion's onward way.
These on the left are rang'd: but on the right
A chosen band appears, who fought beneath
The banner of Jehovah, and defied
Satan's united legions. Some, unmov'd
At the grim tyrant's frown, o'er barb'rous climes
Diffus'd the Gospel's light: some long immur'd
(Sad servitude!) in chains and dungeons pin'd;
Or, rack'd with all the agonies of pain,
Breath'd out their faithful lives. Thrice happy they
Whom Heav'n elected to that glorious strife!---

Here are they plac'd, whose kind munificence
Made heav'n-born Science raise her drooping head;
And on the labors of a future race
Entail'd their just reward. Thou amongst these,
Good Seaton! whose well-judg'd benevolence
Fost'ring fair Genius, bade the poet's hand
Bring annual off'rings to his Maker's shrine,
Shalt find the generous care was not in vain.—
Here is that fav'rite band, whom mercy mild,
God's best-lov'd attribute, adorn'd; whose gate
Stood ever open to the stranger's call;
Who fed the hungry; to the thirsty lip
Reach'd out the friendly cup; whose care benign
From the rude blast secur'd the pilgrim's side;
Who heard the widow's tender tale, and shook
The galling shackle from the pris'ner's feet;
Who each endearing tie, each office knew
Of meek-eyed, heav'n-descended Charity.
O Charity, thou nymph divinely fair!
Sweeter than those whom ancient poets bound
In amity's indissoluble chain,
The Graces! how shall I essay to paint
Thy charms, celestial maid! and in rude verse
Blazon those deeds thyself didst ne'er reveal?
For thee nor rankling Envy can infect,
Nor Rage transport, nor high o'erweening Pride
Puff up with vain conceit: ne'er didst thou smile
To see the sinner as a verdant tree
Spread his luxuriant branches o'er the stream;
While, like some blasted trunk, the righteous fall
Prostrate, forlorn. When prophecies shall fail,
When tongues shall cease, when knowledge is no more,
And this great day is come, thou by the throne
Shalt sit triumphant. Thither, lovely maid!
Bear me, O bear me on thy soaring wing,
And through the adamantine gates of heav'n
Conduct my steps, safe from the fiery gulf
And dark abyss, where Sin and Satan reign!
But can the Muse, her numbers all too weak,

Tell how that restless element of fire
Shall wage with seas and earth intestine war,
And deluge all creation? Whether (so
Some think) the comet, as through fields of air
Lawless he wanders, shall rush headlong on
Thwarting th' ecliptic, where th' unconscious earth
Rolls in her wonted course; whether the sun
With force centripetal into his orb
Attract her, long reluctant; or the caves,
Those dread volcanos, where engend'ring lie
Sulphureous minerals, from their dark abyss
Pour streams of liquid fire; while from above,
As erst on Sodom, Heaven's avenging hand
Rains fierce combustion.---Where are now the works
Of art, the toil of ages?---Where are now
Th' imperial cities, sepulchres, and domes,
Trophies and pillars? Where is Egypt's boast,
Those lofty pyramids, which high in air
Rear'd their aspiring heads, to distant times
Of Memphian pride a lasting monument?---
Tell me where Athens rais'd her towers? where Thebes
Open'd her hundred portals?---Tell me where
Stood sea-girt Albion? where imperial Rome,
Propt by seven hills, sat like a sceptred queen,
And aw'd the tributary world to peace?---
Show me the rampart which o'er many a hill,
Through many a valley, stretch'd its wide extent,
Rais'd by that mighty monarch to repel
The roving Tartar, when with insult rude
'Gainst Pekin's tow'rs he bent th' unerring bow.
But what is mimic art? E'en Nature's works,
Seas, meadows, pastures, the meand'ring streams,
And everlasting hills, shall be no more.
No more shall Teneriff, cloud-piercing height!
O'erhang th' Atlantic surge; nor that fam'd cliff,
Thro' which the Persian steer'd with many a sail,
Throw to the Lemnian isle its evening shade
O'er half the wide Ægean.---Where are now
The Alps that confin'd with unnumber'd realms,
And from the Black Sea to the ocean stream

Stretch'd their extended arms?---Where's Ararat,
That hill on which the faithful patriarch's ark,
Which seven long months had voyag'd o'er its top,
First rested, when the earth with all her sons,
As now by streaming cataracts of fire,
Was whelm'd by mighty waters?---All at once
Are vanish'd and dissolv'd; no trace remains,
No mark of vain distinction: heaven itself,
That azure vault, with all those radiant orbs,
Sinks in the universal ruin lost.
No more shall planets round their central sun
Move in harmonious dance; no more the moon
Hang out her silver lamp; and those fix'd stars,
Spangling the golden canopy of night,
Which oft the Tuscan with his optic glass
Call'd from their wondrous height, to read their names
And magnitude, some winged minister
Shall quench; and (surest sign that all on earth
Is lost) shall rend from heaven the mystic bow.
Such is that awful, that tremendous day,
Whose coming who shall tell? For as a thief
Unheard, unseen, it steals with silent pace
Thro' night's dark gloom.---Perhaps as here I sit,
And rudely carol these incondite lays,
Soon shall the hand be check'd, and dumb the mouth
That lisps the falt'ring strain.---O may it ne'er
Intrude unwelcome on an ill-spent hour;
But find me wrapt in meditations high,
Hymning my great Creator!——
——"Pow'r Supreme!
"O everlasting King! to thee I kneel,
"To thee I lift my voice. With fervent heat
"Melt, all ye elements! And thou, high heav'n,
"Shrink like a shrivell'd scroll! But think, O Lord,
"Think on the best, the noblest of thy works;
"Think on thine own bright image! Think on him
"Who died to save us from thy righteous wrath;
"And 'midst the wreck of worlds remember man!"

THE

RUINS OF ROME.

BY MR. DYER.

Aspice murorum moles, præruptaque saxa,
Obrutaque horrenti vasta theatra situ:
Hæc sunt *Roma*. Viden' velut ipsa cadavera tantæ
Urbis adhuc spirent imperiosa minas?
Janus Vitalis.

ENOUGH of Grongar, and the shady dales
Of winding Towy, Merlin's fabled haunt,
I sung inglorious. Now the love of arts,
And what in metal or in stone remains
Of proud antiquity, through various realms
And various languages and ages fam'd,
Bears me remote, o'er Gallia's woody bounds,
O'er the cloud-piercing Alps remote; beyond
The Vale of Arno purpled with the vine,
Beyond the Umbrian and Etruscan hills,
To Latium's wide champaign, forlorn and waste,
Where yellow Tyber his neglected wave
Mournfully rolls. Yet once again, my Muse,
Yet once again, and soar a loftier flight;
Lo! the resistless theme, imperial Rome.
Fall'n, fall'n, a silent heap; her heroes all
Sunk in their urns; behold the pride of pomp,
The throne of nations fall'n; obscur'd in dust;
E'en yet majestical: the solemn scene
Elates the soul, while now the rising sun
Flames on the ruins, in the purer air
Tow'ring aloft, upon the glitt'ring plain,

Like broken rocks, a vast circumference!
Rent palaces, crush'd columns, rifted moles,
Fanes roll'd on fanes, and tombs on buried tombs.
Deep lies in dust the Theban obelisk,
Immense along the waste, minuter art,
Gliconian forms, or Phidian, subtly fair,
O'erwhelming; as the immense Leviathan
The finny brood, when near Ierne's shore
Out-stretch'd, unwieldly, his island length appears,
Above the foamy flood. Globose and huge,
Grey-mould'ring temples swell, and wide o'ercast
The solitary landscape, hills and woods,
And boundless wilds; while the vine-mantled brows
The pendent goats unveil, regardless they
Of hourly peril, though the clefted domes
Tremble to every wind. The pilgrim oft
At dead of night, 'mid his orison hears
Aghast the voice of time, disparting tow'rs,
Tumbling all precipitate down-dash'd,
Rattling around, loud thund'ring to the Moon:
While murmurs soothe each awful interval
Of ever-falling waters; shrouded Nile,*
Eridanus, and Tyber with his twins,
And palmy Euphrates; they with dropping locks,
Hang o'er their urns, and mournfully among
The plaintive-echoing ruins pour their streams.
Yet here advent'rous in the sacred search
Of ancient arts, the delicate of mind,
Curious and modest, from all climes resort,
Grateful society! with these I raise
The toilsome step up the proud Palatin,
Through spiry cypress groves, and tow'ring pine,
Waving aloft o'er the big ruin's brows,
On num'rous arches rear'd: and frequent stopp'd,
The sunk ground startles me with dreadful chasm,
Breathing forth darkness from the vast profound
Of isles and halls, within the mountain's womb,

* Fountains at Rome adorned with the statues of these rivers.

Nor these the nether works; all these beneath,
And all beneath the vales and hills around,
Extend the cavern'd sewers, massy, firm,
As the Sibylline grot beside the dead
Lake of Avernus; such the sewers huge,
Whither the great Tarquinian genius dooms
Each wave impure; and proud with added rains,
Hark how the mighty billows lash their vaults,
And thunder; how they heave their rocks in vain!
Though now incessant time has roll'd around
A thousand winters o'er the changeful world,
And yet a thousand since, th' indignant floods
Roar loud in their firm bounds, and dash and swell,
In vain; convey'd to Tyber's lowest wave.
Hence over airy plains, by crystal founts,
That weave their glitt'ring waves with tuneful lapse,
Among the sleeky pebbles; agate clear,
Cerulean ophite, and the flow'ry vein
Of orient jasper, pleas'd I move along,
And vases boss'd, and huge inscriptive stones,
And intermingling vines; and figur'd nymphs,
Floras and Chloes of delicious mould,
Cheering the darkness; and deep, empty tombs;
And dells, and mouldering shrines, with old decay
Rustic and green; and wide-embow'ring shades,
Shot from the crooked clefts of nodding tow'rs;
A solemn wilderness! With error sweet,
I wind the ling'ring step, where'er the path
Mazy conducts me, which the vulgar foot
O'er sculptures maim'd has made; Anubis, Sphinx,
Idols of antique guise, and horned Pan,
Terrific, monstrous shapes! prepost'rous Gods,
Of Fear and Ign'rance, by the sculptor's hand
Hewn into form, and worshipp'd; as ev'n now
Blindly they worship at their breathless mouths *
In varied appellations: men to these
(From depth to depth in dark'ning error fall'n)
At length ascrib'd th' *Inapplicable Name.*

* Several statues of the Pagan gods have been converted into images of saints.

How doth it please and fill the memory
With deeds of brave renown, while on each hand
Historic urns and breathing statues rise,
And speaking busts! Sweet Scipio, Marius stern,
Pompey superb, the spirit-stirring form
Of Cæsar raptur'd with the charm of rule
And boundless fame; impatient for exploits,
His eager eyes up-cast, he soars in thought
Above all height: and his own Brutus see;
Desponding Brutus, dubious of the right,
In evil days; of faith, of public weal
Solicitous and sad. Thy next regard
Be Tully's graceful attitude: uprais'd,
His out-stretch'd arm he waves, in act to speak
Before the silent masters of the world,
And eloquence arrays him. There behold,
Prepar'd for combat in the front of war,
The pious brothers; jealous Alba stands
In fearful expectation of the strife,
And youthful Rome intent: the kindred foes
Fall on each other's neck in silent tears;
In sorrowful benevolence embrace——
Howe'er they soon unsheath'd the flashing sword,
Their country calls to arms; now all in vain
The mother clasps the knee, and ev'n the fair
Now weeps in vain; their country calls to arms.
Such virtue Clelia, Cocles, Manlius, rous'd;
Such were the Fabii, Decii; so inspir'd
The Scipios battled, and the Gracchi spoke:
So rose the Roman state. Me now, of these
Deep musing, high ambitious thoughts inflame
Greatly to serve my country, distant land,
And build my virtuous fame; nor shall the dust
Of these fall'n piles with show of sad decay
Avert the good resolve, mean argument,
The fate alone of matter.—Now the brow
We gain enraptur'd; beauteously distinct *
The num'rous porticos and domes upswell,

* From the Palatin hill one sees most of the remarkable antiquities.

With obelisks and columns interpos'd,
And pine, and fir, and oak: so fair a scene
Sees not the dervise from the spiral tomb
Of ancient Chammos, while his eye beholds
Proud Memphis' relics o'er th' Ægyptian plain:
Nor hoary hermit from Hymettus' brow,
Though graceful Athens, in the vale beneath,
Along the windings of the Muse's stream,
Lucid Ilyssus, weeps her silent schools,
And groves, unvisited by bard or sage.
Amid the tow'ry ruins, huge, supreme,
Th' enormous amphitheatre behold,
Mountainous pile! o'er whose capacious womb
Pours the broad firmament its varied light;
While from the central floor the seats ascend
Round above round, slow-wid'ning to the verge,
A circuit vast and high; nor less had held
Imperial Rome, and her attendant realms,
When drunk with rule she will'd the fierce delight,
And op'd the gloomy caverns, whence out-rush'd
Before th' innumerable shouting crowd
The fiery, madded, tyrants of the wilds,
Lions and tigers, wolves and elephants,
And desp'rate men, more fell. Abhorr'd intent!
By frequent converse with familiar death,
To kindle brutal daring apt for war;
To lock the breast, and steel th' obdurate heart
Amid the piercing cries of sore distress
Impenetrable.—But away thine eye;
Behold yon steepy cliff; the modern pile
Perchance may now delight, while that, rever'd *
In ancient days, the page alone declares,
Or narrow coin through dim cærulean rust.
The fane was Jove's, its spacious golden roof,
O'er thick-surrounding temples beaming wide,
Appear'd, as when above the morning hills
Half the round sun ascends; and tower'd aloft,
Sustain'd by columns huge, innumerous

* The Capitol.

As cedars proud on Canaan's verdant heights
Dark'ning their idols, when Astarte lur'd
Too prosp'rous Israel from his living strength.
And next regard yon venerable dome,
Which virtuous Latium, with erroneous aim,
Rais'd to her various deities, and nam'd
Pantheon; plain and round; of this our world
Majestic emblem; with peculiar grace,
Before its ample orb, projected stands
The many-pillar'd portal; noblest work
Of human skill: here, curious architect,
If thou assay'st, ambitious, to surpass
Palladius, Angelus, or British Jones,
On these fair walls extend the certain scale,
And turn th' instructive compass: careful mark
How far in hidden art, the noble plain
Extends, and where the lovely forms commence
Of flowing sculpture: nor neglect to note
How range the taper columns, and what weight
Their leafy brows sustain: fair Corinth first
Boasted their order which Callimachus
(Reclining studious on Asopus' banks
Beneath an urn of some lamented nymph)
Haply compos'd; the urn with foliage curl'd
Thinly conceal'd, the chapiter inform'd.
See the tall obelisks from Memphis old,
One stone enormous each, or Thebes convey'd;
Like Albion's spires they rush into the skies.
And there the temple, where the summon'd state *
In deep of night conven'd: e'en yet methinks
The vehement orator in rent attire
Persuasion pours, ambition sinks her crest;
And lo the villain, like a troubled sea,
That tosses up her mire! Ever disguis'd,
Shall treason walk? shall proud oppression yoke
The neck of virtue? Lo the wretch, abash'd,
Self-betray'd Catiline! O Liberty,

* The temple of Concord, where the senate met on Catiline's conspiracy.

Parent of happiness, celestial born;
When the first man became a living soul,
His sacred genius thou; be Britain's care;
With her secure, prolong thy lov'd retreat;
Thence bless mankind; while yet among her sons,
E'en yet there are, to shield thine equal laws,
Whose bosoms kindle at the sacred names
Of Cecil, Raleigh, Walsingham, and Drake.
May others more delight in tuneful airs;
In masque and dance excel; to sculptur'd stone
Give with superior skill the living look;
More pompous piles erect, or pencil soft
With warmer touch the visionary board:
But thou, thy nobler Britons teach to rule;
To check the ravage of tyrannic sway;
To quell the proud; to spread the joys of peace
And various blessings of ingenious trade.
Be these our arts; and ever may we guard,
Ever defend thee with undaunted heart,
Inestimable good! who giv'st us Truth,
Whose hand upleads to light, divinest Truth,
Array'd in every charm: whose hand benign
Teaches unwearied toil to clothe the fields,
And on his various fruits inscribes the name
Of Property: O nobly hail'd of old
By thy majestic daughters, Judah fair,
And Tyrus and Sidonia, lovely nymphs,
And Libya bright, and all-enchanting Greece,
Whose num'rous towns and isles, and peopled seas,
Rejoic'd around her lyre; th' heroic note
(Smit with sublime delight) Ausonia caught,
And plann'd imperial Rome. Thy hand benign
Rear'd up her tow'ry battlements in strength;
Bent her wide bridges o'er the swelling stream
Of Tuscan Tyber; thine those solemn domes
Devoted to the voice of humbler pray'r;
And thine those piles undeck'd, capacious, vast,*
In days of dearth where tender Charity

* The public granaries.

Dispens'd her timely succours to the poor.
Thine too those musically-falling founts
To slake the clammy lip; adown they fall,
Musical ever; while from yon blue hills
Dim in the clouds, the radiant aqueducts
Turn their innumerable arches o'er
The spacious desert, bright'ning in the sun,
Proud and more proud, in their august approach:
High o'er irriguous vales, and woods and towns,
Glide the soft whispering waters in the wind,
And here united pour their silver streams
Among the figur'd rocks, in murm'ring falls,
Musical ever. These thy beauteous works:
And what beside felicity could tell
Of human benefit: more late the rest;
At various times their turrets chanc'd to raise,
When impious tyranny vouchsaf'd to smile.
Behold by Tyber's flood, where modern Rome *
Couches beneath the ruins: there of old
With arms and trophies gleam'd the field of Mars;
There to their daily sports the noble youth
Rush'd emulous; to fling the pointed lance;
To vault the steed; or with the kindling wheel
In dusty whirlwinds sweep the trembling goal;
Or wrestling, cope with adverse swelling breasts,
Strong grappling arms, clos'd heads, and distant feet;
Or clash the lifted gauntlets: there they form'd
Their ardent virtues: lo the bossy piles,
The proud triumphal arches; all their wars,
Their conquests, honors, in the sculptures live.
And see from ev'ry gate those ancient roads,
With tombs high-verg'd the solemn paths of Fame:
Deserve they not regard? O'er whose broad flints
Such crowds have roll'd, so many storms of war;
Such trains of consuls, tribunes, sages, kings;
So many pomps; so many wond'ring realms:
Yet still thro' mountains pierc'd, o'er vallies rais'd,
In even state, to distant seas around,

* Modern Rome stands chiefly on the old Campus Martius.

They stretch their pavements. Lo the fane of Peace,
Built by that prince, who to the trust of power*
Was honest, the delight of human kind.
Three nodding isles remain; the rest an heap
Of sand and weeds; her shrines, her radiant roofs,
And columns proud, that from her spacious floor,
As from a shining sea, majestic rose
An hundred foot aloft, like stately beech
Around the brim of Dion's glassy lake,
Charming the mimic painter: on the walls
Hung Salem's sacred spoils; the golden board,
And golden trumpets, now conceal'd, entomb'd
By the sunk roof.—O'er which in distant view
Th' Etruscan mountains swell, with ruins crown'd
Of ancients towns; and blue Soracte spires,
Wrapping his sides in tempests. Eastward hence,
Nigh where the Cestian pyramid divides†
The mould'ring wall, behold yon fabric huge,
Whose dust the solemn antiquarian turns,
And thence, in broken sculptures cast abroad,
Like Sibyl's leaves, collects the builder's name
Rejoic'd, and the green medals frequent found
Doom Caracalla to perpetual fame:
The stately pines, that spread their branches wide
In the dun ruins of its ample halls,‡
Appear but tufts; as may whate'er is high
Sink in comparison, minute and vile.
These, and unnumber'd, yet their brows uplift,
Rent of their graces; as Britannia's oaks
On Merlin's mount, or Snowdon's rugged sides,
Stand in the clouds, their branches scatter'd round,
After the tempest; Mausoleums, Cirques,
Naumachios, Forums; Trajan's column tall,
From whose low base the sculptures wind aloft,
And lead through various toils, up the rough steep,

* Begun by Vespasian and finished by Titus.

† The tomb of Cestius, partly within and partly without the walls.

‡ The baths of Caracalla, a vast ruin.

Its hero to the skies: and his dark tow'r *
Whose execrable hand the city fir'd,
And while the dreadful conflagration blaz'd,
Play'd to the flames; and Phœbus' letter'd dome; †
And the rough relics of Carinæ's street,
Where now the shepherd to his nibbling sheep,
Sits piping with his oaten reed; as erst
There pip'd the shepherd to his nibbling sheep,
When th' humble roof Anchises' son explor'd
Of good Evander, wealth-despising king,
Amid the thickets; so revolves the scene;
So Time ordains, who rolls the things of pride
From dust again to dust. Behold that heap
Of mould'ring urns (their ashes blown away,
Dust of the mighty!) the same story tell;
And at its base, from whence the serpent glides
Down the green desert street, yon hoary monk
Laments the same, the vision as he views,
The solitary, silent, solemn scene,
Where Cæsars, heroes, peasants, hermits, lie,
Blended in dust together; where the slave
Rests from his labors; where th' insulting proud
Resigns his pow'r; the miser drops his hoard;
Where human folly sleeps.---There is a mood,
(I sing not to the vacant and the young,)
There is a kindly mood of melancholy,
That wings the soul, and points her to the skies;
When tribulation clothes the child of man,
When age descends with sorrow to the grave.
'Tis sweetly-soothing sympathy to pain,
A gently wak'ning call to health and ease.
How musical! when all-devouring Time,
Here sitting on his throne of ruins hoar,
While winds and tempests sweep his various lyre,
How sweet thy diapason, Melancholy!
Cool evening comes; the setting sun displays
His visible great round between you tow'rs,
As through two shady cliffs; away, my Muse,

* Nero's. † The Palatin library

Though yet the prospect pleases, ever new
In vast variety, and yet delight
The many-figur'd sculptures of the path
Half beauteous, half effac'd; the traveller
Such antique marbles to his native land
Oft hence conveys; and ev'ry realm and state
With Rome's august remains, heroes and gods,
Deck their long galleries and winding groves;
Yet miss we not th' innumerable thefts,
Yet still profuse of graces teems the waste.
Suffice it now th' Esquilian mount to reach
With weary wing, and seek the sacred rests
Of Maro's humble tenement; a low
Plain wall remains; a little sun-gilt heap,
Grotesque and wild; the gourd and olive brown
Weave the light roof; the gourd and olive fan
Their am'rous foliage, mingling with the vine,
Who drops her purple clusters through the green.
Here let me lie, with pleasing fancy sooth'd:
Here flow'd his fountain; here his laurels grew;
Here oft the meek good man, the lofty bard
Fram'd the celestial song, or social walk'd
With Horace and the Ruler of the world:
Happy Augustus! who, so well inspir'd,
Couldst throw thy pomps and royalties aside,
Attentive to the wise, the great of soul,
And dignify thy mind. Thrice glorious days,
Auspicious to the Muses! then rever'd,
Then hallow'd was the fount, or secret shade,
Or open mountain, or whatever scene
The poet chose to tune th' ennobling rhyme
Melodious; ev'n the rugged sons of war,
Ev'n the rude hinds rever'd the Poet's name:
But now---another age, alas! is ours——
Yet will the Muse a little longer soar,
Unless the clouds of care weigh down her wing,
Since nature's stores are shut with cruel hand,
And each aggrieves his brother; since in vain
The thirsty pilgrim at the fountain asks
Th' o'erflowing wave---Enough---the plaint disdain.---

See'st thou yon fane? e'en now incessant time *
Sweeps her low mould'ring marbles to the dust;
And Phœbus' temple, nodding with its woods,
Threatens huge ruin o'er the small rotund.
'Twas there beneath a fig-tree's umbrage broad,
Th' astonish'd swains with rev'rend awe beheld
Thee, O Quirinus, and thy brother-twin,
Pressing the teat within a monster's grasp
Sportive; while oft the gaunt and rugged wolf
Turn'd her stretch'd neck and form'd your tender limbs:
So taught of Jove, ev'n the fell savage fed
Your sacred infancies, your virtues, toils,
The conquests, glories of th' Ausonian state,
Wrapp'd in their secret seeds. Each kindred soul,
Robust and stout, ye grapple to your hearts,
And little Rome appears. Her cots arise,
Green twigs of osier weave the slender walls,
Green rushes spread the roofs; and here and there
Opens beneath the rock the gloomy cave.
Elate with joy, Etruscan Tyber views
Her spreading scenes enamelling his waves,
Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks and herds,
And gath'ring swains; and rolls his yellow car
To Neptune's court with more majestic train.
Her speedy growth alarm'd the states around
Jealous; yet soon, by wondrous virtue won,
They sink into her bosom. From the plough
Rose her dictators; fought, o'ercame, return'd,
Yes, to the plough return'd, and hail'd their peers;
For then no private pomp, no household state,
The public only swell'd the gen'rous breast,
Who has not heard the Fabian heroes sung?
Dentatus' scars, or Mutius' flaming hand?
How Manlius sav'd the Capitol? the choice
Of steady Regulus? As yet they stood,
Simple of life; as yet seducing wealth
Was unexplor'd, and shame of poverty

* The temple of Romulus and Remus under mount Palatin.

Yet unimagin'd --Shine not all the fields
With various fruitage? murmur not the brooks
Along the flow'ry vallies? They, content,
Feasted at nature's hand, indelicate,
Blithe, in their easy taste; and only sought
To know their duties; that their only strife,
Their gen'rous strife, and greatly to perform,
They through all shapes of peril and of pain,
Intent on honor, dar'd in thickest death
To snatch the glorious deed. Nor Trebia quell'd,
Nor Thrasymene, nor Cannæ's bloody field,
Their dauntless courage; storming Hannibal
In vain the thunder of the battle roll'd,
The thunder of the battle they return'd
Back on his Punic shores; 'till Carthage fell,
And danger fled afar. The city gleam'd
With precious spoils: alas prosperity!
Ah baneful state! yet ebb'd not all their strength
In soft luxurious pleasures; proud desire
Of boundless sway, and fev'rish thirst of gold,
Rous'd them again to battle. Beauteous Greece,
Torn from her joys, in vain with languid arm
Half rais'd her rusty shield; nor could avail
The sword of Dacia, nor the Parthian dart;
Nor yet the car of that fam'd British chief,
Which seven brave years beneath the doubtful wing
Of vict'ry, dreadful roll'd its grinding wheels
Over the bloody war: the Roman arms
Triumph'd, 'till Fame was silent of their foes.
And now the world, unrivall'd, they enjoy'd
In proud security: the crested helm,
The plated greave and corslet hung unbrac'd;
Nor clank'd their arms, the spear and sounding shield,
But on the glitt'ring trophy to the wind.
Dissolv'd in ease and soft delights they lie,
'Till ev'ry sun annoys, and ev'ry wind
Has chilling force, and ev'ry rain offends:
For now the frame no more is girt with strength
Masculine, nor, in lustiness of heart,
Laughs at the winter storm, and summer beam,

Superior to their rage: enfeebling vice
Withers each nerve, and opens every pore
To painful feelings: flow'ry bow'rs they seek
(As ether prompts, as the sick sense approves)
Or cool Nymphean grots; or tepid baths
(Taught by the soft Ionians) they, along
The lawny vale, of every beauteous stone,
Pile in the roseate air with food expanse:
Through silver channels glide the vagrant waves,
And fall on silver beds crystalline down,
Melodious murmuring; while luxury,
Over their naked limbs, with wanton hand,
Sheds roses, odors, sheds unheeded bane.
Swift is the flight of wealth; unnumber'd wants,
Brood of volupt'ousness, cry out aloud
Necessity! and seek the splendid bribe.
The citron board, the bowl emboss'd with gems,
And tender foliage wildly wreath'd around
Of seeming ivy, by that artful hand,
Corinthian Thericles; whate'er is known
Of rarest acquisition; Tyrian garbs,
Neptunian Albion's high testaceous food,
And flavor'd Chian wines, with incense fum'd,
To slake Patrician thirst: for these, their rights
In the vile streets they prostitute to sale;
Their ancient rights, their dignities, their laws,
Their native glorious freedom. Is there none,
Is there no villain, that will bind the neck
Stretch'd to the yoke? They come! the market throngs.
But who has most by fraud or force amass'd?
Who most can charm corruption with his doles?
He be the monarch of the state; and, lo!
Didius,* vile us'rer, through the crowd he mounts,
Beneath his feet the Roman eagle cow'rs,
And the red arrows fill his grasp uncouth.
O Britons, O my countrymen, beware,
Gird, gird your hearts! the Romans once were free,
Were brave, were virtuous.---Tyranny, howe'er,

* Didius Julianus, who bought the empire.

Deign'd to walk forth awhile in pageant state,
And with licentious pleasures fed the rout,
The thoughtless many: to the wanton sound
Of fifes and drums they danc'd, or in the shade
Sung Cæsar, great and terrible in war,
Immortal Cæsar! lo, a God, a God,
He cleaves the yielding skies! Cæsar meanwhile
Gathers the ocean pebbles; or the gnat
Enrag'd pursues; or at his lonely meal
Starves a wide province; tastes, dislikes, and flings
To dogs and sycophants: a God, a God!
The flow'ry shades and shrines obscene return.
But see along the north the tempest swell
O'er the rough Alps, and darken all their snows!
Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreaded names,
Rush as the breach of waters, whelming all
Their domes, their villas; down the festive piles,
Down fall their Parian porches, gilded baths,
And roll before the storm in clouds of dust.
Vain end of human strength, of human skill,
Conquests, and triumph, and domain, and pomp,
And ease and luxury! O luxury,
Bane of elated life, of affluent states,
What dreary change, what ruin is not thine?
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!
To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave
How dost thou lure the fortunate and great!
Dreadful attraction! while behind thee gapes
Th' unfathomable gulf where Ashur lies
O'erwhelm'd, forgotten; and high boasting Cham;
And Elam's haughty pomp; and beauteous Greece;
And the great queen of earth, imperial *Rome*.

ON THE IMMENSITY OF

THE SUPREME BEING.

ONCE more I dare to rouse the sounding string,
The poet of my God! Awake my glory,
Awake my lute and harp---myself shall wake,
Soon as the stately night-exploding bird
In lively lay sings welcome to the dawn.
List ye! how nature with ten thousand tongues
Begins the grand thanksgiving, Hail, all hail,
Ye tenants of the forest and the field!
My fellow subjects of th' Eternal King,
I gladly join your matins, and with you
Confess his presence, and report his praise.
O thou, who or the lambkin, or the dove,
When offer'd by the lowly, meek, and poor,
Prefer'st to pride's whole hecatomb, accept
This mean essay, nor from thy treasure-house
Of glory immense, the orphan's mite exclude.
What though th' Almighty's regal throne be rais'd
High o'er yon azure heaven's exalted dome,
By mortal eye unken'd---where east nor west,
Nor south, nor blust'ring north has breath to blow;
Albeit, he there with angels and with saints
Holds conference, and to his radiant host
E'en face to face stands visibly confess'd:
Yet know that nor in presence or in power
Shines he less perfect here; 'tis man's dim eye
That makes the obscurity. He is the same,
Alike in all his universe the same.
Whether the mind along the spangled sky
Measure her pathless walk, studious to view
Thy works of vaster fabric, where the planets
Weave their harmonious rounds, their march di-
Still faithful, still inconstant to the sun; [recting
Or where the comet through space infinite
(Though whirling worlds oppose, and globes of fire)
Darts, like a javelin, to his destin'd goal.

Or where in heaven above the Heaven of heav'ns
Burn brighter suns, and goodlier planets roll
With satellites more glorious---Thou art there!
Or whether on the ocean's boist'rous back
Thou ride triumphant, and with outstretch'd arm
Curb the wild winds, and discipline the billows,
The suppliant sailor finds thee there, his chief,
His only help---When thou rebuk'st the storm---
It ceases---and the vessel gently glides
Along the glassy level of the calm.
Oh! could I search the bosom of the sea,
Down the great depth descending; there thy works
Would also speak thy residence; and there
Would I thy servant, like the still profound,
Astonish'd into silence, muse thy praise!
Behold! behold! th' implanted garden round
Of vegetable coral, sea-flow'rs gay,
And shrubs, with amber, from the pearl-pav'd bottom
Rise richly varied, where the finny race
In blithe security their gambols play:
While high above their heads leviathan,
The terror and the glory of the main,
His pastime takes with transport, proud to see
The ocean's vast dominion all his own.
Hence through the genial bowels of the earth
Easy may fancy pass; till at thy mines,
Gani, or Raolconda, she arrive,
And from the adamant's imperial blaze
Form weak ideas of her Maker's glory.
Next to Pegu or Ceylon let me rove,
Where the rich ruby (deem'd by sages old
Of sovereign virtue) sparkles ev'n like Sirius,
And blushes into flames. Thence will I go
To undermine the treasure-fertile womb
Of the huge Pyrenean, to detect
The agate and the deep-entrenched gem
Of kindred jasper---Nature in them both
Delights to play the mimic on herself;
And in their veins she oft pourtrays the forms
Of leaping hills, of trees erect, and streams

Now stealing softly on, now thundering down
In desperate cascade, with flowers and beasts,
And all the living landscape of the vale.
In vain thy pencil, Claudio, or Poussin,
Or thine, immortal Guido, would essay
Such skill to imitate---it is the hand
Of God himself---for God himself is there!
Hence with th' ascending springs let me advance,
Through beds of magnets, minerals, and spar,
Up to the mountain's summit, there t' indulge
Th' ambition of the comprehensive eye,
That dares to call th' horizon all her own.
Behold the forest, and th' expansive verdure
Of yonder level lawn, whose smooth shorn sod
No object interrupts, unless the oak
His lordly head uprears, and branching arms
Extends---Behold in regal solitude
And pastoral magnificence he stands.
So simple! and so great! the under-woods
Of meaner rank, an awful distance keep.
Yet thou art there, and God himself is there
E'en in the bush, (though not as when to Moses
He shone in burning majesty reveal'd,)
Nathless conspicuous in the linnet's throat
Is his unbounded goodness---Thee, her Maker,
Thee, her Preserver, chants she in her song;
While all the emulative vocal tribe
The grateful lesson learn---no other voice
Is heard, no other sound---for in attention
Buried, e'en babbling echo holds her peace.
Now from the plains, where th' unbounded prospect
Gives liberty her utmost scope to range,
Turn we to yon enclosures, where appears
Chequer'd variety in all her forms,
Which the vague mind attract and still suspend
With sweet perplexity. What are yon towers,
The work of labouring man and clumsy art,
Seen with the ring-dove's nest---on that tall beech
Her pensile house the feather'd artist builds---

The rocking winds molest her not; for see,
With such due poise the wondrous fabric's hung,
That, like the compass in the bark, it keeps
True to itself, and steadfast e'en in storms.
Thou idiot, that assert'st there is no God,
View, and be dumb for ever---
Go bid Vitruvius or Palladio yield
The bee his mansion, or the ant her cave---
Go call Correggio, or let Titian come
To paint the hawthorn's bloom, or teach the cherry
To blush with just vermilion---hence away---
Hence, ye profane! for God himself is here.
Vain were th' attempt, and impious, to trace
Through all his works th' Artificer divine---
And though nor shining sun, nor twinkling star,
Bedeck'd the crimson curtains of the sky;
Though neither vegetable, beast, nor bird,
Were extant on the surface of this ball,
Nor lurking gem beneath; though the great sea
Slept in profound stagnation, and the air
Had left no thunder to pronounce its Maker:
Yet man at home, within himself, might find
The Deity immense, and in that frame
So fearfully, so wonderfully made,
See and adore his providence and power---
I see, and I adore---O God most bounteous!
O Infinite of Goodness and of Glory!
The knee that thou hast shap'd shall bend to thee,
The tongue which thou has tun'd shall chant thy
praise,
And thy own image, the immortal soul,
Shall consecrate herself to thee for ever.

THE END.

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